

MADEIRA. NICHOLAS H. CAMPBELL, U. S. N.

# THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

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JULY, 1903.

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MUSIC, ART, RELIGION, FACTS, FICTION AND TRADITIONS OF  
THE NEGRO RACE.



MRS. HATTIE M. HICKS,  
Chicago, Ill.

See page 507.

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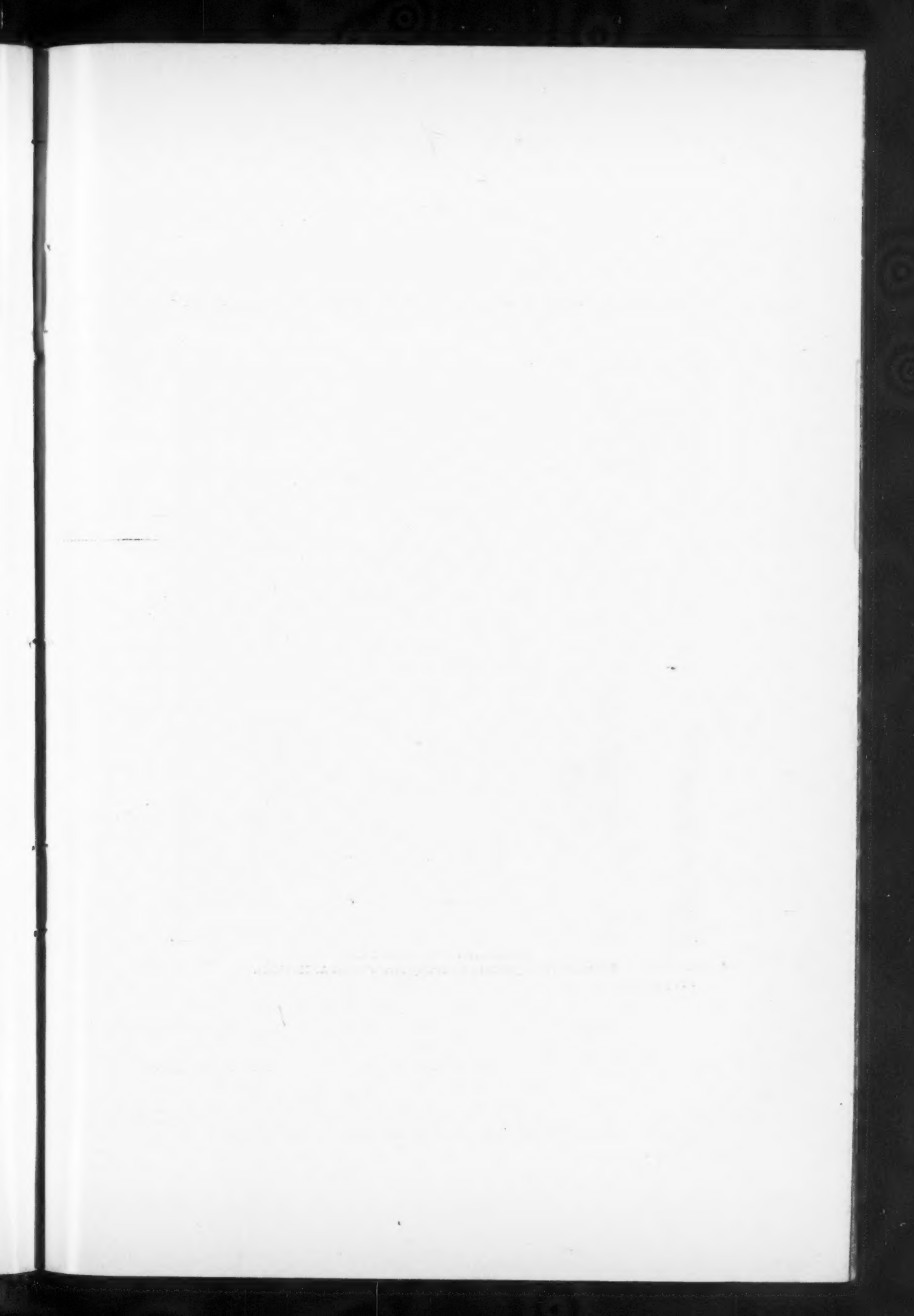
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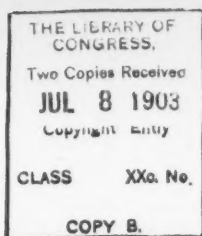
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TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE,  
From a rare oil painting owned by Mr. William A. Hopkins.  
See page 487.)



# THE COLORED AMERICAN MAGAZINE

VOL. VI.

JULY, 1903

No. 7



FUNCHAL'S PUBLIC GARDENS LACK NOTHING OF BEAUTY.

(See page 480.)

## MADEIRA.

NICHOLAS H. CAMPBELL, U. S. N.

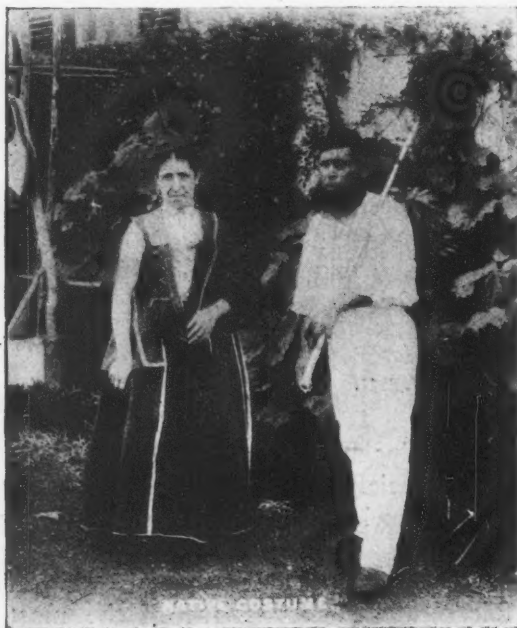
Madeira, "an island gem amid ever-shining seas," is the largest of a small group of islands in the North Atlantic Ocean, off the coast of Morocco, and nearly between the Azores Islands and the Canary Islands. It belongs to Portugal and is known by its excellent wine the world over. It is nearly opposite the Strait of Gibraltar, the gate to the Mediterranean, and is easily accessible to all ships going and coming from the Mediterranean and far East. Most

of the ships making such trips stop there, and especially man-o'-war vessels. Says Mr. Drexel in his elaborate work on Madeira:

"The approach to Madeira by ship in fair weather, affords one of the most sublime and beautiful spectacles to be witnessed anywhere in the world. Before the sea-weary vision the verdant mountain isle towers in a glistening haze and appears like some realm of enchantment that might readily be looked upon

as the Kingdom of Neptune. It is only when the ship enters the bay and draws near to a white and yellow city, stretching inland from a curving beach, through a valley and up the gentle slopes of surrounding hills, that the wondering beholder can fully realize that he has come to a habitation of men and not of gods or of water-sprites. Beyond the hill-enclosed city the mountains rise precipitously in countless ranges and lift their snowy summits into regions of mist. Fleecy clouds drifting across the rays of the sun, cause a play of strange shadows upon these monsters of earth and rock."

The islands are of volcanic origin, and are inhabited by Portuguese and Africans, principally Portuguese, the Portuguese having taken possession about 1420. When discovered in the early part of the fourteenth century, the islands were uninhabited. The great



NATIVE COSTUMES RESEMBLING THE COLONIAL DRESS OF AMERICANS.

(See page 480.)

Christopher Columbus—so the story goes—saw, for the first time, at a religious ceremony in All Saints Chapel,

Lisbon, a beautiful maiden with whom he became infatuated. She was the daughter of the Governor of Porto



CATHEDRAL STILL USED FOR DIVINE SERVICE.

(See page 480.)

Santo. He wedded her in 1473, and the couple spent their early married life at Porto Santo, and later in Madeira. In the Rue Direita, Madeira, there stood until very recently, a house in which there is little doubt that Columbus had his residence. In 1893 the Duke de Veragua and his family visited the United States; his son was a handsome lad fourteen years of age, and bore the name of Cristobol Colon y Aguilere, or Christopher Columbus Aguilere. This lad is the direct descendant of the Genoese sea captain and discoverer of America, and the Governor of Porto Santo's daughter.

The executive power is vested in the King of Portugal, and the legislative in the Cortes Geraes. Representatives are sent from the island to the Cortes at Lisbon. The principal productions are wines and sugar. Madeira is especially interesting to the world, because of its





(See page 479.)

HAULING HEAVY BARRELS.

famous wine. There is hardly a city on the globe without Madeira wine.

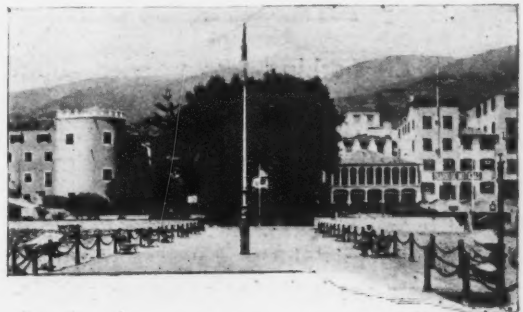
At one period in the history of the island, slaves were brought from Africa and sold to the Madeirans. In 1552, according to Fructuoso, there were some two thousand seven hundred slaves in Madeira. Slavery was abolished by the decree of Pombal. From time to time the liberated Negroes have intermarried with the natives of European descent. The dark complexions and fantastic costumes in vogue among the peasantry may be thus accounted for.

Many noted travelers have sojourned in Madeira; the celebrated English explorer, Captain James Cook, may be especially mentioned. He visited Funchal in 1768, and while his ship, the "Endeavor," lay at her moorings in the bay, an affront was offered the British flag. Captain Cook promptly notified the commander of a British frigate lying there, that he was ready to open fire upon the offenders. A battle ensued, firing being directed against the Loo Rock Fort.

In 1801 Madeira was occupied by British troops, and again in 1807 it became a British stronghold, which it re-

mained during the invasion of Portugal by the French, and until the close of the Continental War in 1814. Napoleon Bonaparte was taken to Madiera as a prisoner of war in 1815, before being conveyed to the island of St. Helena.

Steaming along the rugged and precipitous coast, we came to the island's only harbor, that of Funchal, which is very little better than an open roadstead. A very small breakwater, only large enough to protect a few small sailing vessels from storms, has been formed



MAIN STREET OF FUNCHAL.

(See page 478.)

by joining to the mainland what is known as the Loo Rock. From the harbor the scenery is charming. Tiny

villas, enclosed by fences of banana and sugar-cane stalks, peep picturesquely from behind the sharp-pointed green hills. A view of the city and surrounding mountains, one gently overlapping the other, together with the blue water of the lagoon, is intensely interesting. Funchal is Madeira's metropolis, and from sea to suburb is fascinating. In fact, the city itself is unlike any other in the world. Landing at the lagoon behind the Loo Rock, one ascends a few flights of steps, then, after walking a short distance, reaches the main street leading to the city. It is here that we meet with a feat of street building that is astonishingly clever. The peculiarity and uniqueness of these streets tempt

stones. It is obvious that each and every stone was put down separately, requiring an abundance of time and patience. In many places the streets are ornamented by fancy designs worked in with white stones. These wonderful streets serve a more important purpose than to interest and amuse as they do.

The great objection to Funchal as a place of residence, is the want of wheel carriages. The island is a continued succession of hills and valleys, and of such steep acclivities that the use of wheels is entirely impracticable. In Funchal there are, perhaps, two or three small wheel carriages. One never sees them; they are wholly useless, excepting to drive about a few of the streets near the



THE FAMOUS LOO ROCK OF FUNCHAL.

(See page 477.)

one to do nothing but wander about the city. Not only the main street, but every street in the city is built with a cleverness that commands our admiration. For miles, not a rod of unpaved street is to be found. At first glance one is liable to mistake the stones of which the streets are built for common cobblestones, but upon a closer examination it will be found that the stones are not only of a lead color, but nearly all of the size and shape of an egg. Few people who have never been to Madeira can imagine that a whole city is paved with little

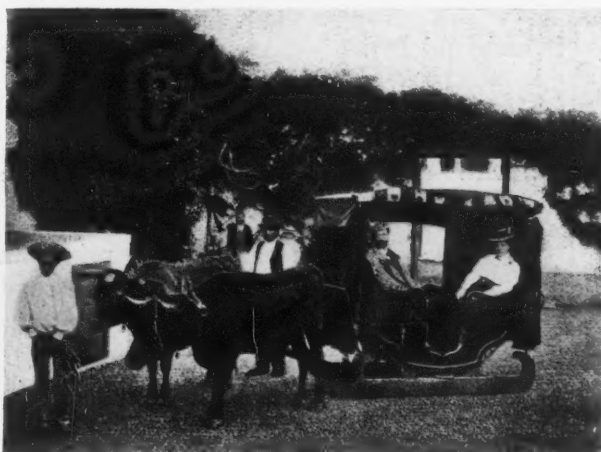
water, which are sufficiently level to admit of it.

On stepping ashore, new arrivals undergo their initiative experience with the crowd of gaping natives. After fulfilling the requirements of the Custom House, the choice of one of the two modes of conveyance to respective destinations is to be made. The swarthy bearers of the "rêde" (a hammock slung from a pole, which is supported at either end by a carrier) stand grouped on one side of the thoroughfare, bowing and scraping to attract attention, while the

drivers of the "carros" (bullock-cars, mounted on runners and hung with bright-colored curtains, which obstruct the sun and draughts, and can be drawn or opened at pleasure) stand at the head of their horned teams and beckon the new arrivals with beaming countenances.

The "carro" or sleigh in Madeira is equivalent to the cart, the carriage, the street-car and the automobile,—in fact, everything that runs on wheels in America. If you are going to take a ride, it is a "carro," or sleigh; if you are going to haul a load of lumber, it is a sleigh. These sleighs are used at all times, the round stones permitting them to slide

of oxen in a sleigh, instead of the gorgeous automobile. All tourists who have made a trip to Madeira know what it is to "come down the hill," as the toboggan slide is expressed. Tobogganing is the most popular amusement in Madeira, and, because of the peculiar slide running down the mountain side into the city of Funchal, one is not supposed to have seen the place until they take the trip. When I speak of tobogganing, the reader is liable to compare it with the slide at Coney Island or some similar place of amusement where one is hurled around in the air for a few seconds and the trip is over. Not so; the toboggan slide in Madeira is probably



THE WEALTH AND FASHION OF MADEIRA RIDING IN A SLEIGH OR "CARRO" DRAWN BY A PAIR OF OXEN.

(See page 479.)

easily about the city. The driver starts his oxen by prodding them with an iron-pointed stick, and a boy runs ahead and guides their course by means of leather thongs attached to the horns of one of the animals and grasped in each of his hands. It is also the duty of one of the teamsters, at short intervals, to place a piece of grease-soaked cloth upon the roadway in such a position that the runners of the sleigh may pass over it, and thus oil their way along. Imagine New York society riding behind a clumsy pair

unlike any other in the world. To come down the hill, one has to go up the mountain side to a starting place and be strapped in a sleigh with a top made of wicker-work. Two native tobogganers will grease the runners, and with two ropes attached to the front of the runners to guide the toboggan, give it a start down the mountain side. The path of the toboggan is full of curves, and one finds himself, after leaving the starting point a few seconds, passing through a thick growth of bananas.

Hundreds of feet below, the long Atlantic rollers, unruffled by the faintest breath of air, sweep in endless succession around the isolated and sun-dried Loo Rock. After the tobogganers have given the toboggan a good start down the mountain side, they jump on the runners behind. These men of keen perception, shrewd judgment and penetrating observation, guide it down the hill with wonderful accuracy. Soon you have attained a velocity that is frightful. Every moment is full of excitement from the start to the finish. One flies around little cliffs and down steep inclines until at last you stop in the heart of the city. The natives describe the trip in broken English as "two hours up, two minutes down."

Another curiosity of the island is the unique costumes of the inhabitants. The hats of the well-to-do Madeirans are shaped like a funnel. The men's trousers are large and come only to the knee. They very seldom wear coats. The dress of the women resembles that of the American woman in colonial days.

Funchal's public gardens lack nothing that goes to make up beauty, and picturesque trees in their quaint and weird forms spring up among blossoming

plants and flowers. The new public gardens were opened but a few years ago. They contain many valuable specimens of almost every known tropical variety of horticulture. A military band plays twice a week and on fête-days. The fashion, wealth and rank then throng the public promenade about the gardens.

The old Cathedral, bearing the marks of many long years, is still used for divine service.

Of semi-Gothic, semi-Italian architecture, this edifice is built after the plan of a Roman cross; its single tower, rising at the north corner to the height of one hundred and thirteen feet, is highly imposing, and suggestive of a monument to a bygone age. The summit is the point of a Dutch tiled spire, that contains a clock.

In leaving Madeira, one longs to return again some day. Its marvellous oddity and stupendous antiqueness is most imposing and impressive. As we steam out of the harbor, the little city seems to take refuge in the mountains. Gradually distance renders the glorious hills, bathed in the light of the climbing sun, invisible, and the picture that memory finds comfort in is no more.



FUNCHAL, MADEIRA, FROM THE WEST.

(See page 477.)



## ETHIOPIANS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

II. QUESTIONS AFFECTING THE NATIVES AND COLORED  
PEOPLE RESIDENT IN BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA.

A. KIRKLAND SOGA.

*To the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, P. C., M. P., His Majesty's Secretary of State for the Colonies, etc. :*

In a communication which we sent to you, Honored Sir, in May last, through His Excellency the Governor of the Cape Colony, the principle of the "open door" under the formula of "equal rights to all civilized men," which was favored by that sagacious statesman, the late Right Hon. Cecil John Rhodes, was advanced in relation to the Franchise as the only sound construction to our mind of the Constitution, and we took up the ground that, as the power of the British Government was potential, it was bound to protect the rights of all classes in the reconstruction and admission of the newly-formed states into the Union.

We must record a firm but respectful dissent to the interpretation of Great Britain's duties at this crisis by any one section, however powerful, against the fundamental interests of any other section, however weak. That responsibility lies entirely in the hands of the British Cabinet, in the same manner as it has borne it in the crisis which ended in the Boer War. If, as the Boer leaders say, the natives must be taught that there is to be no alteration in the political relation of the whites to the blacks, it might be remarked that there is no color distinction in the realm of morality and justice. We pointed out that under the proposed Federation the terms of section VIII. of the Articles of Peace appeared to justify the belief that the Imperial Government desires to vest in the Feder-

al states the right to decide the vital question of the enfranchisement of His Majesty's native and colored subjects in South Africa. The question also occurs as to the status of those qualified voters of the Cape Colony who enter those states, and the application of the principle of taxation and representation of these and also those native residents of the states who may be fully qualified by education, property and domicile, to vote as free citizens. Your advice, Honored Sir, to the citizens of Maritzburg, that it was necessary for unity on common objects, and to beware of speaking with a divided voice upon such matters as customs, railways, and native administration, in case their influence would be weakened in the Councils of South Africa, suggests the thought whether, in view of the expressed utterances of the Premier of Natal on this subject, which agrees with that of the Boer leaders, viz., that there must be no political equality granted to the natives, these views are to be the criterion for the guidance of public opinion to the rest of the South African states and the British people, in arriving at the ideal of unity upon which you so eloquently touched.

We are, of course, aware that while no good ground exists which might be construed as an abuse of the Franchise by the natives, but on the contrary their choice of representatives in Parliament has been generally creditable and wise,

a powerful agitation has been proceeding to deny these rights to the natives, and the recent agitation for the suspension of the Constitution of the Cape Colony has been interpreted as aiming at that object among others. The extreme advocates of this policy are prepared to put it to the test under the new Federation. Herein lies the germ of much future trouble.

The idea is thus expressed by the Secretary for native affairs of Natal, and

be still further trouble between the Dutch and England, and between England, the Dutch and natives."

The "Times of Natal," in endorsing these sentiments, also remarked:

"But these things once accomplished, the new order once firmly established on a lasting basis, there will be no room for the direct imperial factor in South Africa. The official legend of Downing Street will pass away like a tale that is told.



GOVERNMENT AVENUE, SOUTH AFRICA.

it is supported by the utterances of most of the candidates for parliamentary honors in the elections of 1901:

"They should manage their own affairs," he said, "and regenerate a desolated country, and let Dutch and English tender their advice to England to let them manage their own affairs, and especially the native question. If they were to be dominated by outsiders, and to have the constant interference they had in the past, he felt that there would

"The voice of Mr. Moor is merely the first articulate echo of public opinion, and that opinion will become more pronounced as time goes on. Those who read the signs of the times will acknowledge the truth of what we say. Up to the present the wave of imperial patriotism has carried us over all obstacles, but we cannot always remain on the crest of the wave."

That there is some reason to suspect a collusion of sentiment and premedi-

tated design between the extreme British anti-native party in South Africa and the Bond or Dutch Party, which aims at the elimination of the imperial factor to the ruin of the subject races of His Gracious Majesty, will be seen from the following comments by "Ons Land," Mr. Hofmeyr's organ:

"The new Colonies are directly governed from Downing Street, and Mr. Chamberlain is directly responsible for their administration. If his visit has

has been heard of the new imperialism, and they seem to be departing from the principles upon which the great overseas colonies have had the management of their affairs."

It is a singular commentary upon the wisdom that would call upon the natives at this period of the world's history to defend the use of rights which are firmly established upon the impregnable basis of human liberty and justice. It is plain, therefore, from the statements quoted



GOLD HUNTER'S EUT, SOUTH AFRICA.

the object of as speedily as possible putting an end to the present condition of affairs and giving self-government to the inhabitants of those colonies, then we cannot do otherwise than rejoice at the visit. If, however, the object is to strengthen the domination of Downing Street over the internal affairs of South Africa, then we anticipate little good as the result. This latter course, unfortunately, appears to be the impression of many in England, for latterly much

that an "imperium in imperio" may be created "sui generis" within the realm of British operation and policy, by the advocates of deprivation, on the one hand, and of a moderate Franchise on the other, which may materially affect the future relations of the people of this country.

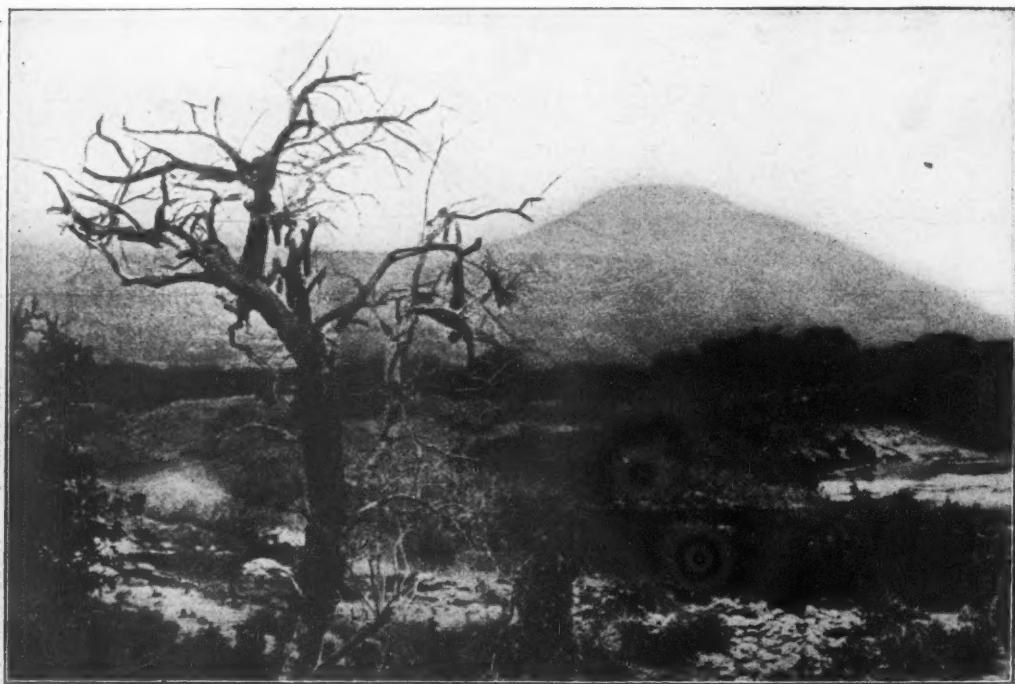
In regard to the native labor question, it is commonly asserted that there are sufficient, and more than sufficient, able-bodied men in the country to do all the

work needed, but living in absolute idleness, and not helping in the slightest degree to advance the progress of the country. It is also apparent that more labor is absolutely essential to the development of the natural industries of South Africa. There is just sufficient truth in the former statement to mislead the unwary, for it raises the inference that the native will not work. To say the native will not work is to argue against the visible progress of the coun-

try, which has in great part been built up with the aid of native labor, whatever its deficiencies may be. On the contrary, the natives are willing to work. They have been accustomed to obedience under their own chiefs, and the changing conditions from barbarism to civilization with its increasing necessities, are forcing them out to work in greater numbers every year, although it must be recognized with regret that the evil of adding to their hereditary defects

the vices of European civilization is a deteriorating factor in the economy of the land. The laborer or servant should be made to strictly observe his contracts, but he should also be protected in them, and contracts should be made with individuals, not the chiefs, and properly drawn up before responsible officials, in order to safeguard the rights of all parties and to prevent fraud.

Roughly, there are two classes of laborers, the husbandman who tills his



BANKS OF THE TUGELA RIVER, SOUTH AFRICA.

own land, and the hired laborer or servant. Both these are as yet unskilled, and their greatest misfortune is that they have not yet become accustomed to the strenuous life, the practical, consistent, and constant exercise of their best faculties of body and mind. To develop these to the best advantage it is necessary that there should be an administrative co-operation, but when we look around to see what has been done we find that, apart from the attempt made

own land, and the hired laborer or servant. Both these are as yet unskilled, and their greatest misfortune is that they have not yet become accustomed to the strenuous life, the practical, consistent, and constant exercise of their best faculties of body and mind. To develop these to the best advantage it is necessary that there should be an administrative co-operation, but when we look around to see what has been done we find that, apart from the attempt made



by that distinguished statesman, the late Cecil John Rhodes, who established a Labor Bureau which met with poor support at the hands of the officials, and which he had not time to properly develop before he died, when it was abolished, no serious attempt has been made to encourage or regulate the supply of labor on right lines by any of our statesmen. The whole question has been left with the mines and the farming community, and the terrible results of the absence of administrative control, in the scandalous irregularities under the old regime at the Rand, made such a deep impression on the native mind, that there can be no surprise at the scarcity of labor. The sudden depression of wages before the effects of the war, or the impressions formed of the evil conditions of the old regime had had time to subside, was a master-stroke of bad diplomacy, by whomsoever invented. It also reveals the attitude of the mine owners—a cold, hard, unsympathetic, calculating determination to reduce wages at any cost. Only the other day a question was asked in the Cape Parliament as to several cases of alleged ill-treatment of laborers under the new regime at the Rand, which drew from the Premier a promise to investigate the matter in the interests of this colony, which profits largely by money brought down by the laborers who go there. The idea which also has found favor with many, that the natives are demoralized by high wages received from the military during the war, is as false as the assertion that they live by stock stolen from the farmers. Such views may mislead the ignorant, or suit the sinister designs of the forced labor party, but they add nothing to a satisfactory solution of the difficulty, and in view of the increasing poverty which sees extensive districts threatened with starvation through the failure of crops, are positively injurious. In this relation, Sir, we have noted with

satisfaction your statement in the British House of Commons, "that no policy of actual physical compulsion brought to bear on the black to work, would have the slightest support of the Government." These attempts to precipitate the British Government to a policy of force have been watched with keen anxiety by the natives and their friends, and we deprecate the attempts inspired from interested sources to denounce the natives as a class in the sweeping manner so fashionable with the prejudiced press. The natives are willing to be led. They are accustomed to obedience. They cannot throw off the lethargy of ages in a day. However much we may deplore their unreadiness to meet the changed conditions brought about by the influx of an increasing white population, with its higher and more expensive standards of living, into a country accustomed to the simple habits of a pastoral life, and the demands which the former make on the latter for a cheap labor supply, in order to support their more expensive habits, nothing constructive or useful to our purpose can be got from mutual recriminations. The capitalist demands cheap labor. The laboring man has not, in this or any other country, had a satisfactory interpretation of the term.

For South Africa, labor troubles are just commencing, and the statesman who will deal successfully with them must first sweep his mind clear of the prejudices that have been heaped around it. It is not a race question, although radical differences in life and language, and such questions as general treatment, rates of wages, accommodation, food, etc., give rise to more bad feeling on this, and the master and servant question, than any other subject, for it touches the country on its tenderest spot—the economic—and the attempts to reconcile low wages with high living, we may readily believe from the example of other countries, will continue to

agitate the country long after the present generation has departed.

Again, the Department of Native Affairs in the Cape Colony, unlike Natal, has no available statistics of a complete and reliable kind to guide us in framing a correct estimate as to the number of able-bodied men available for work, the number engaged in remunerative occupations of their own and who, therefore, do not require to take service, the number of idlers and vagrants, the amount of taxes directly paid to the Government by the native people, their contribution to the Commonwealth by indirect means as producers and consumers, and as customers on our railways, telegraphs, postal and other sources by which the Government coffers are advantaged. These and other statistics should be the common text-book and guide to the formation of sound and authoritative opinions. The Secretary for Native Affairs of Natal, speaking on native taxation in 1898, said:

"It was said that natives do not contribute enough to the revenue, but there was something to be said on the other side from the point of view of themselves. The sum of £1,000 had been received in passes from natives leaving the colony and coming into it, and from the figures at his disposal he made bold to say that of the natives of a working age in Natal there were not 10 per cent who did not put in work somewhere during the course of twelve months. By indirect taxation the natives had contributed nearly £110,000 as compared with £5,000 contributed by Europeans with indirect taxation. Apart from what they contributed in the purchase of clothing, agricultural implements, the natives contributed £140,000 to the revenue. The natives also contributed largely to the revenue of the railway. During the last eight months of the last year they had travelled on the Natal line to the number of 170,000, bringing in a revenue of

£30,000. There was very nearly half of the native population of the colony on their railways as passengers within eight months. He was sorry they had forced labor in Natal, because he did not believe in it, regarding it as a slight upon industry. Until they shook themselves free from this incubus he feared they would not hold their own with those countries that had free labor."

Possibly later statistics would show still better results, and we are of opinion that the Cape Colony natives proportionately would improve upon these.

We can assure you, Sir, that the intelligent native mind is impressed with the extreme importance of the great issues lying at the root of the labor supply, involving as it does the vital interests of the industrial, commercial, and economic life of the country, as well as the highest interests of the natives themselves as the principal laboring factor.

But one thing we should like specially to remark, is the desire, often expressed, that conferences on the labor question should not be left entirely in the hands of the mining fraternity. We advocate co-operation. No practical schemes which leave the natives out of consideration in matters affecting them can be satisfactorily dealt with in that manner. We suggest an Imperial Commission which would include the labor question in a larger investigation of the condition of native affairs in South Africa, with a view to securing some measure of uniformity between the laws of the different states, and the systems of civil and municipal administration and management of the native subjects of His Gracious Majesty, and to find, if possible, a grand solution of the whole question, in view of approaching Federation.

One remarkable feature is, that while merchants are not loud in complaining of the scarcity of native labor, the mine owners and farmers are loudest in their outcries. This is explained by the dif-

ference in wages, the former paying more, while the latter are not paying a living wage (vide Report of the Cape Commissioners, Messrs. Halse and Visser, on the treatment of farm hands in Australia, as compared to native treatment in the Cape Colony). After all is said and done, the question whether this country can supply all the labor required for present use and future developments would be best answered by satisfactory statistics controlling the labor supply at the different centres, in order to deal practically with surplusage. These, we have already said, are not available, but we would again urge the necessity of a commission on which the natives should be represented.

We believe that there is room for co-

operation between the different administrations and the mine managers to develop on proper lines the labor supply south of the Zambesi, and we are glad to observe from your speech to the mining magnates that you also impressed this view upon them, although, from the attitude of mine managers it is to be feared that their impatience would contribute materially to the difficulty of a proper solution of the question on broad and rational lines. Their haste inclines to prejudice the rights of the laboring classes. We also think that in dealing with this question satisfactorily, the co-operation of the educated leading natives should be sought, and they should also be allowed to take part in the deliberations of such conference.

## TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.\*

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

To write out a full and fair estimate of the life and works of a great black man like Toussaint L'Ouverture and in such a manner that it shall be favorably received by the people of the United States, is a task not easily performed. Whether attempted by a Frenchman or by an American, by a white man or by a black man, the undertaking in some respects will probably be a failure.

Even in regard to the character of Toussaint himself, there is danger of an incorrect measurement. The author may intend to be strictly just, to hold perfectly fair and steady the scales in which he proposes to weigh his hero's worth, and yet he may find that he has missed his honest aim. The moral atmosphere, not only of this country, but, more or less, that of the civilized world, is against his undertaking. The external pressure is unequal, more on one side than on the other. It is the misfortune

of men of African descent to be heavily shadowed by a cloud, and they must wait to have it dispelled before they can be properly seen, either by themselves or by others. Suspicion of the presence of a drop of African blood in the veins of a man, however able and distinguished, is a blight and mildew upon his life for American society. He is regarded by the many as outside the pale of social brotherhood. Averted eyes meet him at every turn in the path of life. Even the Christianity of his times scarcely includes him, and evidently cares more for him abroad than at home, afar off than near at hand. His race is hated, and his color is crime. The verdict of both court and country is against him in advance of evidence or argument. Under such conditions a man can do but little to gain a creditable standing either in the favor or the conduct of the community.

There are few things in the world

\*From the *New York Independent*



more blinding than race prejudice, and there are but few things more inflexible and persistent. Against the claims of truth and justice, to say nothing of brotherly kindness, it stands like a wall of brass. Reason and common sense dash themselves against it in vain. Individual men have risen and are rising above it, but the masses are ever under its sway and direction. In one form or another it has existed in all countries and in all ages. It was present at the marriage of Moses and confronted the star of Bethlehem at the birth of the Saviour of the world. No good could come out of Nazareth, it said, and the Jews should have no dealings with the Samaritans. In some parts of our own country today "there is no good Indian but a dead one," and neither Irishman, Jew nor Chinaman is fully included in the high human circle. But the fiercest wrath of this race prejudice is reserved for men and women of African blood. For the heads of such there is a stick in every hand. The North meets the Negro with scorn and proscription, and the South meets him with lynch law and with assassination.

It must be admitted, if I have rightly stated the presence, the force and the effect of this vulgar and absurd prejudice, that it will not be easy to get Toussaint well before the American people. There is, however, a large love of truth and a measure of candor to be found here, and this, with the universal love of reading, may bring the general attention to the claims even of a great Negro. This generous side of our countrymen may be reached by this volume and its publication may also do something toward dispelling the murky cloud that bars its way among our people at large.

But the difficulty of presenting to the public the life and works of Toussaint lies not wholly on one side. Extremes beget extremes. There are prejudices

for the Negro as well as prejudices against him, and neither are to be heeded in the honest pursuit of truth. A man of tender and humane sensibilities, deeply penetrated with a sense of the immeasurable wrongs of which the Negro has been the victim for ages, may, in the fervor of a feeling thus excited, do a little more than justice to the Negro and less than justice to what may be his vices. I do not know whether I have been the more amazed or amused at some descriptions I have read and heard of the Negro's perfections, some making him out a very angel of piety, a natural born Christian, a lamb in docility, while the truth is that the Negro in all respects is simply a man, one who possesses the possibilities of all the virtues and of all the vices common to all other varieties of mankind. No better, no worse. The angel in him is as lovely as in any other description of man; and the brute is, in him, not less visible or brutal than in any other. We differ as the waves, but are one as the sea.

But in addition to these prejudices for and against the Negro, tending to obscure the truth, there is apt to come a certain enthusiasm in those who take up the cause of the Negro, which may conduct one a little aside from the truth, which should ever be our aim and to be attained at whatever cost.

There is much in the character and career of Toussaint that touches the humane and poetic side of human nature. Under the influence of his transcendent qualities and of his own warm heart the author may be easily led to do injustice to his own head.

Of course, the tendency against the Negro is much stronger than any that is yet developed for him, and it is against this adverse tendency that both the writer and the reader should be on their guard. Men are not unlike sheep. They are apt to go with the multitude and often blindly. It is much easier to con-



form to popular sentiment than to confront and oppose it.

Again, there are two standards by which the greatness of individual men is measured, and what result we shall reach in our estimate of Toussaint will, in great measure, depend upon which standard of measurement we apply to him. One standard of measurement is the ethnological standard, based upon points of difference of color and features in races; the other is the standard based upon the broad foundation of the common and essential humanity of all races, and applied to all human beings alike, of whatever country or complexion. When a man affirms that he prefers an honest Negro to a dishonest white man, and that he would rather have the company of an intelligent Negro than that of an ignorant white man, one need not hesitate to conclude that he is measuring men by the ethnological standard, and not by that broader and better one that judges men by character rather than by color or race.

But worse still. Adopting this limited method of judgment, the Negro often gets his best taken for his worst, and gets no justice at all. What is applauded in the white man is abhorred in the black man. George Washington, leading his countrymen through a seven years' war for freedom, is regarded as a paragon of patriotism and of all that is noble in manhood. Toussaint L'Ouverture, moved by the same heroic spirit to the like effort, was looked upon by the contemporary Christian world as a moral monster, deserving death by the hangman's halter. Washington was fighting for political freedom; Toussaint was fighting against a personal slavery, one hour of which, according to the great Thomas Jefferson, was worse than ages of that which Washington rose in rebellion to oppose. Yet in the eye of the world, and according to this partial standard of measurement, the one was

a saint, the other was a sinner; the one was an honor to human nature, the other was a dastardly felon.

The same method of judgment was applied to Denmark Vesey at Charleston, to Nat Turner at Southampton, Virginia, and to John Brown at Harper's Ferry. Had these men espoused the cause of white men instead of that of poor, despised colored men, monuments of marble would before this have arisen to commemorate their deeds. Color and race make all the difference. What is welcomed in the one case is met with repulse in the other.

There is one other impediment, too, in the case of Toussaint L'Ouverture, which does not rest upon the accident of race or color. It is the relativity of greatness itself. Thus it is less easy to discover and define greatness while it stands alone than when viewed in comparison with some admitted example of greatness. A ship sailing alone on a smooth sea, under a full canvas and making the water foam under her prow, will seem to those upon her deck to be making much better speed than when another vessel is alongside sailing the same way at the same rate of speed. In other words, it is easier to discover a giant among pigmies than among giants.

It was thus with Toussaint. His work was peculiar and his character unique. Both his task and the material with which he had to work were of an uncommon nature. In fact, he was without example and stands alone. He not only had to make bricks without straw, but he had to make wood take the place of iron and to make a rope of sand strong as a chain of steel. He had to make what were considered things into men, property into persons, to make slaves who had always cowered before their haughty masters to confront these same masters with the port and dignity of freemen determined to be free at whatever cost to themselves or to others. It

was a Herculean task, and required a moral Hercules to perform it. Great generals have done great things, but nothing greater than did this man when measured by their different circumstances. It is not merely or principally his success that bespeaks Toussaint's merit. It is the faith and courage of the man which should most distinguish him. The contest into which he flung himself was desperate enough to appall any ordinary courage. He was to attempt the impossible. The wealth, valor and military skill of the most warlike nation of modern times were employed against him. The interest and moral sentiment of the Christian world were also largely against him. All the sister islands of Hayti were slave-holding and were, therefore, against him. He had to match the firearms of France with the wooden arms of Hayti. It was rags against uniforms, poverty against wealth, and ignorant mobs against trained soldiers. Other men have done great things in great circumstances. Toussaint did great things against circumstances, or rather he made the circumstances. He made not only the ship, but the sea upon which he floated to victory and freedom. The fire and fortitude of his soldiers proceeded from himself. No war was ever undertaken by Washington or Wellington which, upon its face, appeared more hopeless of success.

Then, in measuring this man we should consider also the point from whence he came. Other liberators and saviors of men have come from above. This man came from below. It is not the lowly slave, but the high-born free-man from whom we are taught to expect great things. It is the man whose neck has never bowed to the yoke, whose limbs have never been galled by the bondman's chain, whose flesh has never been torn by the driver's lash, and whose primal manhood has never been crushed

by the iron hand of the tyrant, who usually has the spirit and eloquence to rouse the masses to deeds of daring and himself becomes the leader of a liberating host. But here we have a slave in possession of and employing the highest qualities of the freeman. This in itself is something great. But why did not his fellow slaves refuse to be led by him, saying, "You are the same as ourselves! Who made you commander over us?" The fact that his people believed in him is one of the best evidences of the greatness of the man. In this respect he was an exception to a general rule.

On broad philosophic principles the starting point of Toussaint was against him. He was proclaimed unfit for the position to which he was called. His antecedents made him a follower, while his nature made him a leader. The poet says, truly, "It is the hand of little employment that hath the daintier touch." Sensibility is at the bottom of revolt. Men feel before they think, and think before they act. Sensibility comes of gentle usage. The iron hand of slavery blunts and destroys, in large measure, the sensibility of the slave. Moses was fitted to slay the Egyptian who was ill-treating a Hebrew, by being brought up in the king's palace and cradled in the lap of the king's daughter. Raised above the dead level of his animal wants, the slave has created in him a higher range of wants, still more exacting. Give him food, clothes, a good bed and time for recreation and thought and you make him a full-fledged rebel against slavery. But Toussaint illustrates in some degree both sides of this seemingly contradictory proposition. He was slave enough to seem contented with his lot, but his easy condition was a preparation for better things. He was a favored slave and almost a free man. He was his master's coachman, and the distance between the coach and the family was not great. The intelligence on the inside

sometimes extends to the man on the box. Toussaint had a chance to hear much, to learn much and to think much, and he doubtless did all three. He was not tortured by cruelty, famished by hunger, worn out by labor, or hardened by brutal chastisements. It is easy to see that as his physical wants diminished his mental wants must have increased. Yet on the face of it there was something strange in the fact that such a man should all at once become a leader of insurgents against a slavery that to him had been so mild. His time of life, too, tended to increase this strangeness. He was fifty years of age, a time when men are generally averse to change and are supposed to shrink from new conditions of existence. But no one except himself knew how deeply he was affected by the simple thought of being a slave, though in his case the conditions were easy and had been long borne. What must have been the surprise of his master and of those who knew how kindly he had been treated when they discovered him at the head of a rebellion against slavery. It was like a bolt from a cloudless tropical sky, or rather a sudden upheaval from subterranean depths and darkness, an outpouring of volcanic fire and noxious vapors.

It meant that now Santo Domingo was to become a perfect hell of horrors, and the tenderly treated Toussaint was thereafter to be seen as by the lurid glare of a furnace infernal, where men ceased to be men and became devils incarnate, who gloated over human blood, laughed at human agony and mocked at despairing innocence. For since the days of the Spanish Inquisition, when bigotry in the name of religion raised high its bloody hand against the happiness of mankind, there has been nothing to surpass the terrible scenes enacted in Santo Domingo. In this sanguinary struggle, if mercy was still found lurking in one breast, it was in that of Toussaint. For

the sake of the much maligned Negro I am glad that Toussaint was a Negro, and was the Negro that he was. My residence in Hayti has fully satisfied me on this point. He was a full-blooded Negro. His busts and portraits leave no doubt of his origin. His color, his features and hair tell the whole story. No part of his greatness can be fairly ascribed to kinship with the white race. He stands as a demonstration of what is possible under a woolly head, Negro features and a black skin. What nature has done nature can do again. A Toussaint number one makes possible a Toussaint number two, and many to follow. It is said that he was an exception. So he was, but only in the sense in which other great men are exceptions. All Englishmen are not Peels, Gladstones and Brights, and all Americans are not Websters, Clays and Conklings, but the races which have produced these can produce others like them. The material will not be exhausted while the race remains. We dare to think of Toussaint in this light and to view him with the same complacency with which other varieties of mankind view their great men. We present him as a standing reply to the assertion of Negro inferiority.

But the beneficent influence of the example afforded in Toussaint was not confined to the Negro. He had a mission to the whole white world scarcely less important than to the Negro. His coming was a great and much needed awakening. The slavery of the Christian world was more disturbed by him than by any man prior to him. He taught slaveholders of every color in every land the danger of goading to madness the energy that slumbers in the black man's arm.

My appointment as United States Minister to Hayti afforded a welcome opportunity to learn more of this remarkable man and of the estimation in



which he is held by his countrymen. It was with keen regret that I discovered that in Hayti the memory of Toussaint is not held in the honor which it deserves. Very little is said of him there and that little is not much in his praise. His case is another illustration of the truth that a prophet is without honor in his own country and among his own kinsmen.

The absence of appreciation of Toussaint in Hayti seems to be owing to the facts that he was not sufficiently blood-thirsty and that he was opposed to the complete separation of his country from France. He was also blamed for compelling his countrymen to work and to keep the productiveness of the country up to the point attained in the time of slavery. No one pretends that Toussaint was not a friend to his people and a valiant friend of their freedom, but he

was, they insist, too much of a Frenchman. Strange that the very people who say this today are themselves wedded to the French. They send their children to France to be educated; are proud of their French language, manners and customs, and many of them take shelter under the citizenship of France even when proposing to spend their days in Hayti.

But the memory of Toussaint L'Ouverture is not confined and will not be confined to his own country. He was too great for such limitations. His character and works make him the property of mankind, and the best minds and hearts of the civilized world will cherish and vindicate his memory and execrate the base treachery and remorseless cruelty that left him to perish of cold and hunger in the icy damps of a gloomy prison.

## OF ONE BLOOD.\*

### OR, THE HIDDEN SELF.

PAULINE E. HOPKINS.

#### SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I. TO XVI.

Reuel Briggs, a young medical student, interested in mysticism, sees a face that haunts him. He attends a concert with his friend Aubrey Livingston, and there discovers in a negro concert-singer the owner of the mysterious face. He sees this woman again on Hallow Eve while playing at charms with a party of young people at Vance Hall, the home of Livingston's betrothed. Early the next morning he is called to attend the victims of a railroad disaster at the hospital. He finds among them the girl whose face haunts him, in a cataleptic sleep which the doctors call death. He succeeds in restoring her to consciousness, but with a complete loss of memory. She loses her identity as a negress. Reuel falls deeply in love with her. He finally restores her to health and determines to marry her, but finds his circumstances too straitened. Aubrey Livingston helps him out by offering to obtain for him a place in an expedition about to explore the ancient city of Meroe in Africa. Reuel accepts, but marries Dianthe before going on a two years' venture. After his departure Dianthe finds that Livingston is in love with her, and he acquires a power over her that she cannot resist. She agrees to fly with him against her will; but before the time set, they, with Molly Vance, go out canoeing and are overturned in the river, and all three are supposed to have been drowned.

The expedition reaches Africa. In crossing the Great Desert Reuel Briggs visits old ruins and is rescued from a leopard's claws by Vance. They are suspicious of Jim Titus, who pretended not to hear Briggs' calls for help. They receive no letters from home after leaving England, and one night, by clairvoyant aid, Reuel reads a letter that Titus has received. That same night, by mediumistic power, Briggs describes the overturning of the boat containing Molly, Dianthe and Aubrey, on the Charles River months before. The

caravan reaches Meroe, and letters reveal the death of Dianthe and Molly. Reuel is sick for some weeks, and when he returns to health finds the expedition about to give up its search for treasure and return home. Wanders out one night while the camp is asleep and goes to the last pyramid. While exploring it he becomes unconscious. When consciousness returns he finds himself in a hidden city among the descendants of the ancient Ethiopians who await the return of their king. They claim Reuel as the expected monarch because of the royal birthmark on his breast,—a lotus lily.

#### CHAPTER XVI. — (Concluded.)

After these happenings, which we have just recorded, every day Reuel received callers in state. It seemed to him that the entire populace of that great hidden city turned out to do him homage. The Sages, clad in silver armor, attended him as a body-guard, while soldiers and officials high in the councils of the State, wereranged on both sides of the immense hall. The throne on which he sat was a massive one of silver, a bronze Sphinx

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couched on either side. The steps of the throne were banked with blossoms, offerings from the procession of children that filed slowly by, clad in white, wearing garlands of roses, and laying branches of palm, oleander flowers, lilies and olive sprays before their king.

Offerings of gold, silver and gems, silken cloths, priceless articles moulded into unique and exquisite designs, sword of tempered steel, beside which a Damascus blade was coarse and unfinished, filled his artist soul with delight and wonder. Later, Ai escorted him to the underground workshops where brawny smiths plied their trades; and there the secrets of centuries dead and gone were laid bare to his curious gaze.

How was it possible, he asked himself again and again, that a nation so advanced in literature, science and the arts, in the customs of peace and war, could fall as low as had the Ethiopian? Even while he held the thought, the answer came: As Daniel interpreted Nebuchadnezzar's dream, so has it been and is with Ethiopia. "They shall drive thee from men, and thy dwelling shall be with the beasts of the field, and they shall make thee to eat grass as oxen, and they shall wet thee with the dew of heaven, and seven times shall pass over thee, till thou knowest that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever He will. Thy kingdom shall be sure unto thee; after that thou shalt have known that the heavens do rule."

But the excitement and changes through which he had passed began to tell upon a constitution already weakened by mental troubles. Ai observed with much concern, the apathy which foretold a serious illness. Hoping to arouse him from painful thoughts which now engrossed his mind, Ai proposed that the visit to the inner city, postponed by the pressure of other duties, be made the next day.

That morning a company, of which the Sages formed a part, started for the inner city. They were to spend the night in travel, resting by day. The progress of the party was very slow, and in a direction Reuel had not yet explored. A deep yellow glow suffused the sky. This soon gave way to the powerful but mellow light of the African moon, casting long shadows over the silvery green of the herbage and foliage. They encountered a perfect network of streams, pursuing their way through virgin forests, brilliant by daylight with beautiful flowers. The woods were inhabited by various kinds of birds of exquisite note and plumage. There were also a goodly number of baboons, who descended from the trees and ranged themselves on the ground to obtain a nearer view of the travellers. They grinned and chattered at the caravan, seeming to regard them as trespassers in their domains.

The character of the country improved as they neared the interior. Reuel noticed that this was at variance with the European idea respecting Central Africa, which brands these regions as howling wildernesses or an uninhabitable country. He found the landscape most beautiful, the imaginary desert "blossomed like the rose," and the "waste sandy valleys" and "thirsty wilds," which had been assigned to this location, became, on close inspection, a gorgeous scene, decorated with Nature's most cheering garniture, teeming with choice specimens of vegetable and animal life, and refreshed by innumerable streams, branches of the rivers, not a few of which were of sufficient magnitude for navigation and commerce. But Reuel remembered the loathsome desert that stood in grim determination guarding the entrance to this paradise against all intrusion, and with an American's practical common sense, bewailed this waste of material.

Proceeding along a mountain gorge, our travellers found the path straitened between the impending mountain on one side and a rapid and sparkling stream on the other. On the opposite side of the ravine the precipices rose abruptly from the very edge of the water. The whole appearance of this mountain pass was singularly grand, romantically wild and picturesquely beautiful. They were often obliged to clamber over huge masses of granite, fallen from the cliffs above; and, on this account, progress was slow and toilsome. On turning an angle of the rock, about the centre of the gorge, the party were suddenly confronted by a huge, tawny lion, which stood directly in the path, with not a wall and scarce a space between. The path was so narrow in this place that it would have been impossible to pass the brute without touching him. Used to the king of the African jungle, the company did not shrink, but faced the animal boldly, although not without some natural physical fear. The lion, too, seemed to be taken by surprise. Thus the opponents stood at a distance of five yards, each staring at the other for several minutes. Had the travellers shown the least signs of fear, or had they attempted to escape, the fate of one, at least, would have been sealed. Now appeared an exhibition of the power of magnetism. Reuel stepped in advance of the foremost bearer, fixed his wonderful and powerful eyes upon the beast, literally transfixing him with a glance, poured the full force of his personal magnetism upon the animal, which almost instantly responded by low growls and an uneasy twisting of the head; finally, the terrible glance remaining inflexible and unwavering, the beast turned himself about and slowly withdrew with a stately and majestic tread, occasionally looking back and uttering a low growl, as if admonishing the travellers to keep their distance.

Murmurs of wonder and admiration broke from Reuel's companions, who were aware of the danger attending the meeting of a hungry lion at close quarters. His admirable intrepidity, and the remarkable powers which were his birth-right, had preserved him and his companions.

"Truly, he is the King!" they murmured among themselves. And more than ever Ai watched him with increasing love and the fondness of a father.

Without further adventure they reached the portals of the inner city. Their arrival was evidently anticipated, for they were received by a band of young females under the guardianship of a matron. By this escort they were shown to the palace and into the rooms set apart for their reception. Having rested for an hour, bathed and dined, they were ready for the ceremony of introduction. Another guard of women took them in charge, and the procession started down one passage, crossed a great, aisle-like hall, and came to a corresponding passage on the other side. On through seemingly endless colonnades they passed, till they came to a huge door formed of great winged creatures. Reuel had thought that nothing could surpass the palace in the outer city for beauty and luxury, but words failed him as his eyes drank in the glories of the lofty apartment into which they stepped, as an Amazon in silver mail threw wide the glittering doors, disclosing the splendor of the royal Presence-chamber. It was a lofty saloon lined with gilded columns, the sunlight falling from the open roof upon the mosaic floor beneath. The tapestries which lined the walls bore exquisite paintings of love and warfare.

As the door opened, a voice called. The company halted before a curtained recess, guarded by a group of beautiful girls. Never had Reuel beheld such subtle grace of form and feature, such

masses of coal-black hair, such melting eyes of midnight hue. Each girl might have posed for a statue of Venus.

The heavy curtains were lifted now, and discovered the Queen reclining upon a pile of silken cushions—a statue of Venus worked in bronze.

"The Queen is here!" exclaimed a voice. In an instant all present prostrated themselves upon the floor. Reuel alone stood erect, his piercing eyes fixed upon the woman before him.

Grave, tranquil and majestic, surrounded by her virgin guard, she advanced gracefully, bending her haughty head; then, gradually her sinuous body bent and swayed down, down, until she, too, had prostrated herself, and half-knelt, half-lay, upon the marble floor at Reuel's feet.

"O Ergamenes, hast thou indeed returned to thine inheritance?" murmured a voice like unto silver chimes. Reuel started, for it seemed to him that Dianthe's own voice was breathing in his ears.

Knowing now what was expected of him, he raised the Queen with one hand, addressed her courteously in Arabic, led her to her silken couch, seated himself, and would have placed her beside him, but she, with a gesture of dissent, sank upon the cushions at his feet that had served her for footstools.

By this time the Sages had risen and now reclined on the silken couches with which the apartment was well supplied. Ai advanced and addressed the Queen; during this exchange of courtesies, Reuel gazed upon her curiously.

She reminded him strongly of his beautiful Dianthe; in fact, the resemblance was so striking that it was painful, and tears, which were no disgrace to his manhood, struggled to his eyes. She was the same height as Dianthe, had the same well-developed shoulders and the same admirable bust. What suppleness in all her movements! What grace,

and, at the same time, what strength! Yes; she was a Venus, a superb statue of bronze, moulded by a great sculptor; but an animated statue, in which one saw the blood circulate, and from which life flowed. And what an expressive face, full of character! Long, jet-black hair and totally free, covered her shoulders like a silken mantle; a broad, square forehead, a warm bronze complexion; thick black eyebrows, great black eyes, now soft and languishing—eyes which could weep in sorrow or shoot forth lightning in their anger; a delicate nose with quivering nostrils, teeth of dazzling whiteness behind lips as red as a rose; in her smile of grace and sweetness lurked a sense of power. He was astonished and lost in admiration in spite of himself. Her loveliness was absolutely and ideally perfect. Her attitude of un-studied grace accorded well with the seriousness of her face; she seemed the embodiment of all chastity.

The maidens of her household waited near her—some of them with baskets of flowers upheld in perfect arms. Some brought fruit in glittering dishes and wine in golden goblets of fairy-like fret-work, which were served from stands of ivory and gold. One maiden knelt at her lyre, prepared to strike its chords at pauses in the conversation.

The attendants now retired modestly into the background, while Ai and the other Sages conversed with the Queen. She listened with downcast eyes, occasionally casting a curious, though deferential glance at the muscular figure beside her.

"And dost thou agree, and art thou willing to accept the destiny planned by the Almighty Trinity for thee and me from the beginning of all things, my lord?" she questioned at length in her flute-like voice.

"Queen Candace, thy beauty and graciousness dazzle me. I feel that I can love thee with all my heart; I will fulfill



my destiny gladly, and I will cleave to thee until the end."

"Now," answered the Queen with sweet humility, "now, when thou, my lord, doth speak so royally, it doth not become me to lag in generosity." She paused.

Reuel, gazing into her beautiful face, was deeply moved by strong emotions. Again she spoke:

"Behold! in token of submission I bow to my lord, King Ergamenes." She bent herself slowly to the ground, and pressed her knees for one instant upon the mosaic floor. "Behold," and she touched his forehead lightly with her lips, "in earnest of connubial bliss, I kiss thee, King Ergamenes. Behold," and she placed her hand upon his heart, "I swear to thee eternal fealty by the Spirit—the never-changing Trinity." This ceremony ended she seated herself once more beside him. Reuel felt himself yielding readily to her infinite attractiveness. In the azure light and regal splendor of the fragrant apartment, there was rest and satisfaction. All the dreams of wealth and ambition that had haunted the feverish existence by the winding Charles, that had haunted his days of obscure poverty in the halls of Harvard, were about to be realized. Only once had he known joy in his checkered life, and that was when he basked in the society of Dianthe, whom he now designated his spirit-bride. The delirium of that joy had ended in lamentation. Doubts and misgivings had assailed him in the silence of the night when Ai had left him and his influence was withdrawn. Then he had but a faint-hearted belief in the wonderful tale told to him, but here, under Queen Candace's magic influence, all doubts disappeared, and it seemed the most natural thing in the world to be sitting here among these descendants of the ancient Ethiopians, acknowledged as their King, planning a union with a lovely woman, that should give to the

world a dynasty of dark-skinned rulers, whose destiny should be to restore the prestige of an ancient people.

Verily, if the wonders he had already seen and heard could be possible in the nineteenth century of progress and enlightenment, nothing was impossible. Dianthe was gone. The world outside held nothing dear to one who had always lived much within himself. The Queen was loving, beautiful—why not accept this pleasant destiny which held its alluring arms so seductively towards him? A sudden moisture filled his eyes; a curious vague softness and tenderness stole over him. Turning abruptly toward his hostess, he held out his own swimming goblet:

"Drink we a loving cup together, oh Queen Candace!" he said in a voice that trembled with earnestness. "I pledge my faith in return for thine!"

The Queen returned his ardent gaze with one of bright surprise and joyous happiness, and bending her head, drank a deep draught of the proffered wine.

"Almost thou lovest me, Ergamenes. May the Eternal Trinity hold fast our bonds!" With a graceful salute she returned the goblet. Reuel drank off in haste what remained within it.

"Behold! I have prepared against this happy hour," continued the Queen, and going to an inlaid cabinet at one side of the room, she took from it a curious ring of dull gold, bearing one priceless gem cut in the form of a lotus lily. "Hold forth thy hand," she said, and on his finger placed the ring.

"Thus do I claim thee for all eternity."

The Sages had watched the actors in this life-drama with jealous eyes that noted every detail with open satisfaction. At Queen Candace's last words, Ai extended his arms with the solemn words:

"And now it is done and never can be undone or altered. Let us hence, that the union may be speedily accomplished."



## CHAPTER XVII.

In a month the marriage was to be celebrated with great pomp and rejoicing. Preparations began as soon as the interview between the Queen and the prospective King was over.

After his return from this betrothal, the power of second sight which seemed to have left Reuel for a time, returned in full force. Restlessness was upon him; Dianthe's voice seemed ever calling to him through space. Finally, when his feelings became insupportable, he broached the subject to Ai.

The latter regarded his questioner gravely. "Of a truth thou art a legitimate son of Ethiopia. Thou growest the fruits of wisdom. Descendant of the wise Chaldeans, still powerful to a degree undreamed of by the pigmies of this puny age, you look incredulous, but what I tell you is the solemn truth."

"The Chaldeans disappeared from this world centuries ago," declared Reuel.

"Not all—in me you behold their present head; within this city and the outer world, we still number thousands."

Reuel uttered an exclamation of incredulous amazement. "Not possible!"

Silently Ai went to his cabinet and took down a small, square volume which he placed in Reuel's hand. "It is a record of the wisdom and science of your ancestors."

Reuel turned it over carefully,—the ivory pages were covered with characters sharply defined and finely engraved.

"What language is this? It is not Hebrew, Greek nor Sanskrit, nor any form of hieroglyphic writing."

"It is the language once commonly spoken by your ancestors long before Babylon was builded. It is known to us now as the language of prophecy."

Reuel glanced at the speaker's regal form with admiration and reverence.

"Teach me what thou knowest, Ai," he said humbly, "for, indeed, thou art a wonderful man."

"Gladly," replied Ai, placing his hand in loving tenderness upon the bowed head of the younger man. "Our destiny was foreordained from the beginning to work together for the upbuilding of humanity and the restoration of the race of our fathers. This little book shall teach your soul all that you long to know, and now grasp but vaguely. You believe in the Soul?"

"Most assuredly!"

"As a Personality that continues to live after the body perishes?"

"Certainly."

"And that Personality begins to exert its power over our lives as soon as we begin its cultivation. Death is not necessary to its manifestation upon our lives. There are always angels near! To us who are so blessed and singled out by the Trinity there is a sense of the supernatural always near us—others whom we cannot see, but whose influence is strong upon us in all the affairs of life. Man only proves his ignorance if he denies this fact. Some in the country from which you come contend that the foundations of Christianity are absurd and preposterous, but all the prophecies of the Trinity shall in time be fulfilled. They are working out to-day by the forces of air, light, wind,—the common things of daily life that pass unnoticed. Ethiopia, too, is stretching forth her hand unto God, and He will fulfill her destiny. The tide of immigration shall set in the early days of the twentieth century, toward Africa's shores, so long bound in the chains of barbarism and idolatry."

Reuel listened entranced, scarce breathing.

"I was warned of your coming long before the knowledge was yours. The day you left your home for New York, I sat within my secret chamber, and all was revealed to me."

"Ay, Ai," Reuel answered, feebly. "But how?"

"You believe that we can hold communion with the living though seas divide and distance is infinite, and our friends who have passed to the future life of light are allowed to comfort us here?"

"I believe."

"'Tis so," continued Ai. "Half by chance and half by learning, I long ago solved one of the great secrets of Nature. Life is wonderful, but eternity is more wonderful." He paused, regarding affectionately Reuel's troubled face.

"I will answer thy question presently. But can I do aught for thee? Dost memories of that world from which thou hast recently come disturb thee, Ergamenes? I have some feeble powers; if thou wilt, command them." Ai fell into the use of "thee" and "thou" always when greatly moved, and Reuel had become very dear to him.

"I would know some happenings in the world I have left; could my desire be granted, I might, perchance, lose this restlessness which now oppresses me."

Ai regarded him intently. "How far hast thou progressed in knowledge of Infinity?" he asked at length.

"You shall be the judge," replied Reuel. And then ensued a technical conversation on the abstract science of occultism and the future state.

"I see thou are well versed," said Ai finally, evidently well pleased with the young man's versatility. "Come with me. Truly we have not mistaken thee, Ergamenes. Wonderfully hast thou been preserved and fitted for the work before thee."

Reuel had the freedom of the palace, but he knew that there were rooms from which he was excluded. One room especially seemed to be the sanctum sanctorium of the Sages. It was to this room that Ai now conducted him.

Reuel was nearly overpowered with the anticipation of being initiated into the mysteries of this apartment. He

found nothing terrifying, however, in the plain, underground room into which he was ushered. A rough table and wooden stools constituted the furniture. The only objects of mystery were a carved table at one end of the apartment, with a silken cloth thrown over its top, and a vessel like a baptismal font, cut in stone, full of water. Air and light came from an outside source, for there were no windows in the room. After closing the door securely, Ai advanced and removed the cloth from the table. "Sit," he commanded. "You ask me how I knew of your coming to my land. Lo, I have followed your career from babyhood. Behold, Ergamenes! What would you see upon the mirror's face? Friend or foe?"

Reuel advanced and looked upon the surface of a disk of which the top of the table was composed. The material of which the polished surface was composed was unknown to Reuel; it was not glass, though quite transparent; it was not metal, though bright as polished steel.

Reuel made no wish, but thought of the spot where the accident had occurred upon the River Charles weeks before. He was startled to observe a familiar scene where he had often rowed for pleasure on pleasant summer evenings. Every minute particular of the scenery was distinctly visible. Presently the water seemed to darken, and he saw distinctly the canoe containing Aubrey, Molly and Dianthe gliding over the water. He started back aghast, crying out, "It is magical!"

"No, no, Ergamenes, this is a secret of Nature. In this disk I can show thee what thou wilt of the past. In the water of the font we see the future. Think of a face, a scene—I will reflect it for thee on this disk. This is an old secret, known to Ethiopia, Egypt and Arabia centuries ago. I can reflect the past and the faces of those passed away, but the

living and the future are cast by the water."

Reuel was awed into silence. He could say nothing, and listened to Ai's learned remarks with a reverence that approached almost to worship before this proof of his supernatural powers. What would the professors of Harvard have said to this, he asked himself. In the heart of Africa was a knowledge of science that all the wealth and learning of modern times could not emulate. For some time the images came and went upon the mirror, in obedience to his desires. He saw the scenes of his boyhood, the friends of his youth, and experienced anew the delights of life's morning. Then he idly desired to see the face of his loved Dianthe, as she last appeared on earth. The surface of the disk reflected nothing!

"You have not reached perfection then, in this reflector?"

"Why think you so?" asked Ai gravely.

"I have asked to see the face of a friend who is dead. The mirror did not reflect it."

"The disk cannot err," said Ai. "Let us try the water in the font."

"But that reflects the living, you say; she is dead."

"The disk cannot err," persisted Ai. He turned to the font, gazed in its surface, and then beckoned Reuel to approach. From the glassy surface Dianthe's face gazed back at him, worn and lined with grief.

"'Tis she!" he cried, "her very self."

"Then your friend still lives," said Ai, calmly.

"Impossible!"

"Why do you doubt my word, Ergamenes?"

Then with great suppressed excitement and much agitation, Reuel repeated the story of Dianthe's death as brought to him by the last mail he had received from America.

"You say that 'Molly,' as you call her, was also drowned?"

"Yes."

"Let us try the disk."

They returned to the mirror and instantly the face of Molly Vance gazed at them from the river's bed, surrounded by seaweed and grasses.

"Can a man believe in his own sanity!" exclaimed Reuel in an agony of perplexity.

Ai made no reply, but returned to the font. "I think it best to call up the face of your enemy. I am sure you have one." Immediately the water reflected the debonair face of Aubrey Livingston, which was almost instantly blotted out by the face of Jim Titus.

"Two!" murmured Ai. "I thought so."

"If she then lives, as your science seems to insist, show me her present situation," cried Reuel, beside himself with fears.

"I must have a special preparation for the present," said Ai, calmly. He set about preparing a liquid mixture. When this was accomplished he washed the face of the disk with a small sponge dipped in the mixture. A film of sediment instantly formed upon it.

"When this has dried, I will scrape it off and polish the mirror, then we shall be ready for the demonstration. One picture only will come—this will remain for a number of days, after that the disk will return to its normal condition. But, see! the sediment is caked. Now to remove it and finish our test." At last it was done, and the disk repolished. Then standing before it, Ai cried, in an earnest voice:

"Let the present appear upon the disk, if it be for the benefit of Thy human subjects!"

Ai appeared perfectly calm, but his hands shook. Reuel remained a short remove from him, awaiting his summons.

"Come, Ergamenes."

For a few moments Reuel gazed upon the plate, his eyes brilliant with expectation, his cheeks aglow with excitement. Then he involuntarily shuddered, a half suppressed groan escaped him, and he grew ashy pale. In a trice he became entirely unnerved, and staggered back and forth like a drunken man. Greatly alarmed, and seeing he was about to fall, Ai sprang to his side and caught him. Too late. He fell to the floor in a swoon. The picture reflected by the disk was that of the ancestral home of the Livingstons. It showed the parlor of a fine old mansion; two figures stood at an open window, their faces turned to the interior. About the woman's waist the man's arm was twined in a loving embrace. The faces were those of Aubrey and Dianthe.

Late that night Reuel tossed upon his silken couch in distress of mind. If the disk were true, then Dianthe and Aubrey both lived and were together. He was torn by doubts, haunted by dreadful fears of he knew not what. If the story of the disk were true, never was man so deceived and duped as he had been. Then in the midst of his anger and despair came an irresistible impulse to rise from his bed. He did so, and distinctly felt the pressure of a soft hand upon his brow, and a yielding body at his side. The next instant he could have sworn that he heard the well-known tones of Dianthe in his ears, saying:

"Reuel, it is I."

Unable to answer, but entirely conscious of a presence near him, he had presence of mind enough to reiterate a mental question. His voiceless question was fully understood, for again the familiar voice spoke:

"I am not dead, my husband; but I am lost to you. Not of my own seeking has this treachery been to thee, O beloved. The friend into whose care you gave me has acquired the power

over me that you alone possessed, that power sacred to our first meeting and our happy love. Why did you leave me in the power of a fiend in human shape, to search for gold? There are worse things in life than poverty."

Calming the frenzy of his thoughts by a strong effort, Reuel continued his mental questions until the whole pitiful story was his. He knew not how long he continued in this communion. Over and over he turned the story he had learned in the past few hours. Ungovernable rage against his false friend possessed him. "Blind, fool, dupe, dotard!" he called himself, not to have seen the treachery beneath the mask of friendship. And then to leave her helpless in the hands of this monster, who had not even spared his own betrothed to compass his love for another.

But at least revenge was left him. He would return to America and confront Aubrey Livingston with his guilt. But how to get away from the hidden city. He knew that virtually he was a prisoner.

Still turning over ways and means, he fell into an uneasy slumber, from which he was aroused by a dreadful shriek.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

It was now two months since Reuel's strange disappearance from the camp of the explorers. Day after day they had searched every inch of the ground within and about the pyramids, with no success. Charlie Vance was inconsolable, and declared his intention of making his home at Meroe until Reuel was found. He scouted the idea of his death by falling a prey to wild beasts, and hung about the vicinity of the Great Pyramid with stubborn persistence. He was no longer the spoiled darling of wealth and fashion, but a serious-minded man of a taciturn disposition.

He spent money like water in his en-



deavor to find the secret passage, believing that it existed, and that in it Reuel was lost.

One morning he and Jim Titus laid bare a beautifully worked marble wall, built of fine masonry, with even blocks, each a meter and a half long, and below the exquisitely worked moulding two further layers of well-worked calcareous stone. The whole formed a foundation for a structure which had fallen into ruins about two and a half meters high. But this wall continued for thirteen meters only, and then returned at right angles at each end. On the inner side this marble structure was backed by large blocks of calcareous stone, and in the inner angles, they had with much labor to break up and remove two layers of blocks superimposed at right angles, one upon another. The entire party was much puzzled to learn what this structure could have been.

Sculptures and paintings lined the walls. As usual, there was a queen, attired in a long robe. The queen had in one hand the lash of Osiris and in the other a lotus flower.

At the extremity of each portico was the representation of a monolithic temple, above which were the traces of a funeral boat filled with figures.

After two days' work, the skilled diggers assured the explorers that they could do nothing with the debris but to leave it, as it was impossible to open the structure. But in the night, Charlie was kept awake by the thought that this curious structure might hold the expedition's secret; and remembering that perseverance was never beaten, set to work there the next morning, digging into the interior and breaking up the huge blocks which impeded his progress. The next day another impediment was reached, and it was decided to give it up. Again Charlie was awake all night, puzzling over the difficulties encountered, and again he made up his mind not to give it up. Charlie was learning many

needed lessons in bitterness of spirit out in these African wilds. Sorrow had come to him here in the loss of his sister, and the disappearance of his friend. As Reuel had done in the night weeks before, so he did now, rising and dressing and securing his weapons, but taking the precaution to awaken Jim, and ask him to accompany him for a last visit to the Pyramid.

Jim Titus seemed strangely subdued and quiet since Reuel's disappearance. Charlie decided that their suspicions were wrong, and that Jim was a good fellow, after all.

As they trudged along over the sandy paths in the light of the great African moon, Charlie was glad of Jim's lively conversation. Anecdotes of Southern life flowed glibly from his tongue, illustrated by songs descriptive of life there. It really seemed to Vance that a portion of the United States had been transported to Africa.

They entered the great Pyramid, as Reuel had done before them, lit their torches, and began slowly and carefully to go over the work of excavation already done.

They passed down a side passage opening out of the outer passage, down a number of steps and along an underground shaft made by the workmen. Suddenly the passage ended. They halted, held up the lamps and saw such a scene as they were not likely to see again. They stood on the edge of an enormous pit, hedged in by a wall of rock. There was an opening in the wall, made by a hinged block of stone. This solid door had opened noiselessly, dark figures had stolen forth, and had surrounded the two men. As they discovered their strange companions, weapons of burnished steel flashed and seemed to fill the vault. Not a sound was heard but the deep breathing of men in grim determination and on serious business bent. Instantly the two travellers were bound and gagged.

*(To be continued.)*

## RIGHTS OF THE NEGRO.\*

CHARLES B. NOYES.

The practical disfranchisement of the Negro because of the offence of color challenges attention. It rises above the petty questions of trade and taxes, which but touch the pocket, like an Alpine peak in the low plane of our selfish politics. It menaces the purity and stability of free institutions. Its scope extends beyond the narrow confines of race distinction, far beyond party lines. It comprehends, in ultimate logical results, the utter extinction of equality of human rights in our Republic.

Under the stress and circumstances of our reconstructive period, it was wisdom to give the ballot to the Negro. Had the Southern Bourbon brushed the film of hatred and prejudices from his eyes, had he laid aside his old-time treason to free institutions with his surrendered musket, had he caught a gleam of the dawn, he would have no occasion today for his antagonisms to universal suffrage, would have no fancied need of fraudulent methods of shotgun force to secure or retain his natural influence and supremacy in local affairs. When the needs of a restored Union required the re-establishment of local government upon the ashes of a buried Confederacy, when the South was being admitted to take once more her part and place among the states, had the ex-Confederate soldier taken willing hold of that difficult problem and continued his best patriotic effort to build the new Union better, wiser and more secure than the old, it long ago would have been accomplished. But instead thereof he was an indifferent laggard or a bitter obstructionist. His deep-seated hatred of human equality, his indolent love of reaping without labor, and his intense

belief in the "divine institution" made him an ardent enemy of the Union.

He easily foresaw that it would inevitably entomb all his precious ideas, and put him in sharp conflict and competition with the industry and enterprise liberty was sure to awaken in the freedman. He could not bear to see the dwelling of the ex-master and the humbler cot of his ex-slave placed on a level, to have equal opportunity to earn, to develop, to improve and to enjoy the common portion of white and black alike. He added cowardice to his inherited inclinations. He dared not put his ability to the test. He feared lest his black competitor might pass him in the race. So he set his face resolutely and sullenly against the removal or any lowering of the barriers 250 years of unrequited toil and ignorance had put in the Negro's way to better conditions, and whatever he could do by way of theft of privilege, by force, fraud and violence, has been done to prevent the black man coming to the destiny that at last a grateful Nation marked out for him. It is his fault almost entirely that the reconstructed States became such a rich soil for harvests of plunder and low, selfish purpose. His lack of co-operation made it possible for that reign of the "carpet-bagger," which has so deeply scarred and dishonored the records of that time.

Instead of striving as he should to make the most and best out of a situation, embarrassing and difficult under the most favorable auspices, he encouraged those agencies and influences which created the very evils of which he since and now so bitterly complains. Hating the free school system, which

\* *Boston Herald.*

he never understood, and which he had been taught to fear, he, even today, exerts his political power against all avenues of learning which are open to all alike. Conquered in war, but generously spared by the Nation, he tried to destroy from all the humiliating and revengeful measures commonly incident to such a defeat; he has nothing but resentful malice and unforgiving memory in return for it all. He has personally done little or nothing to repair the wreck and ruin of war. He has no disposition to aid in the upbuilding of institutions founded on universal education, equal rights and universal privileges. He resolutely turns his back to the dawn. On the other hand, many, perhaps most, of the colored men, had they been given full measure of opportunity, that measure of freedom and privilege the amended constitution was intended to bestow, would have striven for a better condition of civic affairs in the South than it had ever known. They have done much in that direction as it is.

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Taunt not the black man with his degradation and its natural concomitants of ignorance and crime till you have given him the time and opportunity to reach the high plane to which freedom alone affords the only path. Do not chide this child of centuries of barbarism and wrong with his want of achievement when his white neighbor has made it impossible for him to advance. Do not test him by comparison with those upon whose fortunate lot the liberty and learning of civilization have showered centuries of the blessings of literature and light. Had our ancestry been like his, had we been called to a heritage of toil and tears, of burdens such as he has borne, we would be fortunate indeed could we show a fraction of the wonderful progress the Negro in the South has made since he was first

able to lift his toil-worn face to the sunshine of freedom and independence!

Is it at all strange that he should have become the dupe and tool of designing and crafty knaves, who plundered the public revenues and practiced extensive frauds during that chaotic state of society which marked the transition from civil war to peaceful pursuits? Was he any more the tool of these men than the whites who had equal part with him in the disreputable record of that day? Indeed, history shows that wherever his impress is deepest in that mosaic of good and evil civil government, there the best results are due largely to him. He accomplished many improvements, built on new and larger foundations and gave abundant evidence of capacity for self-government. Had all his white fellow-citizens contributed to these excellent results in equal measure with him, instead of standing indifferently aside, or putting every possible stumbling block in his way, grand would have been their joint accomplishment. Alas! They were unequal to the emergency, unfit for the duty of that hour, unprepared for the lofty task which awaited their assistance! Had they planted more and hunted less, had they used the hoe and not the shotgun, had they turned their political ingenuity to devising means of helping the whole community instead of inventing methods to rob their colored neighbors of their equal privileges, the result would have been far different today!

Two hundred years were not sufficient to teach them the retarding influence of slavery, with the object lesson at their very doors of the beggarly harvests which a lazy and indifferent labor can produce. Not even the splendid growth of the North was able to give them the wisdom they needed so sadly. How, then, could the passion and losses of war make them take kindly to reforms they could not comprehend?

Under such conditions it would have been suicidal to attempt a restoration of the Union during at least a generation from the war with such elements given any control in the work. Either military rule had to be established or the Negro had to take his place as a conserving influence. It is not difficult to imagine the evils and horrors likely to occur in a long period of military government. It is not difficult, either, to estimate the time that would be required to bring our "erring brethren" into harmonious spirit with a union of free States under such irritating and debasing conditions. How repentant they would have become with the tread of sentry and the voice of the morning and evening guns sounding in their ears! How they would have learned to love the restored Union, whose iron heel was still upon their prostrate necks! No; far better was it, in my judgment, to treat them with confidence and generosity, as we did. And it was equally wise, if not more so, to put beside them, as a protective force, the black soldier of the Republic and his black fellow-man robed in the authority of the government he helped make possible. No doubt there were found among them the vicious and depraved elements which were utilized by designing and selfish leaders for greedy and criminal ends. But are we, in our large centres, so entirely free from political corruption, amid our superior conditions, that we can fling stones with impunity? Have we no looters, no boodlers, no pilferers from the public treasury? Are there not among us a few leaders, at whose feet even "carpetbag" knights of political plunder might sit and learn skill in such cunning? Before we cast too many reflections on others, let us look occasionally into the muddy pool of our own political record!

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I believe the enactment of the 13th,

14th and 15th amendments—that trinity of liberty—was the sublimity of wisdom in establishing a permanently free and peaceful and prosperous Nation. I know men whose greedy palms are outstretched for trade, and who fear the disturbance and fluctuations of the market, that those who arrogate to their race all the saving qualities in the science and learning of government, and that the proud contemnors of conditions of men beneath their social scale, will give their sanction and support to this denial of justice, liberty and equal privilege to the Negro. But all men who wisely look far ahead, who believe in giving to all the rights belonging to all, who are intelligent enough to know that a Nation cannot long live made up of restless factions, or prosper, save in the fruitful and happy industry of all, or be safeguarded against danger in the hour of peril but by hearts inspired and arms strengthened by a deep love of, and patriotic devotion to its highest and best welfare, will never consent to this nefarious work.

The ballot, in a government like ours, is the citizen's sword and buckler; it is the Nation's pledge that he shall be given the liberty and safety, the privilege and protection guaranteed by its laws. Without a collection of free men empowered to defend it and armed with authority to conduct its affairs, there is—there can be—no free State.

The simplest, but broadest, the highest and grandest definition of a State ever given in a judicial decision was announced by Mr. Justice Wilson in the case of *Chisholm vs. Georgia*: "By a State, I mean a complete body of free persons, united for their common benefit, to enjoy peaceably what is their own, and to do justice to others."

The moment the 13th amendment was adopted the slaves became free men. The law at once became color blind. These free men became citizens—be-



came a part of the State wherein they lived. It abolished forever distinctions on account of race or color or previous condition of servitude. It not only destroyed, but it built. Its architecture was intended to be better than the old. It destroyed the slave pen and auction block; it built the sublime temple of liberty on their site.

The clause of the 14th amendment made us all citizens of the United States, made us all children of the Republic. It buried forever in a sepulchre whose door must never outward swing, the wicked heresy of State rights and State sovereignty. One flag waves over us all, black and white, Jew and Gentile alike. We are no longer foundlings, but legitimate children. The great shield of the Republic is above and about us.

Let me quote a higher authority to this point. In the case of *Bartemeyer vs. Iowa*, 18 Wallace, 140, Mr. Justice Field says of the amendment:

"It grew out of the feeling that a Nation which had been maintained by such costly sacrifices was, after all, worthless, if a citizen could not be protected in all his fundamental rights, everywhere—North and South, East and West—throughout the limits of the Republic. The amendment was not, as held in the opinion of the majority, primarily intended to confer citizenship on the Negro race. It had a much broader purpose. It was intended to justify legislation, extending the protection of the National government over the common rights of all citizens of the United States and thus obviate objection to the legislation adopted for the protection of the emancipated race. It was intended to make it possible for all persons—which necessarily included those of every race and color—to live in peace and security wherever the jurisdiction of the Nation reached. It therefore recognized, if it did not create, a National citizenship. This National

citizenship is primary, and not secondary."

The 15th amendment invested the citizens of the United States with the right to vote—despite the color of their skin.

The 13th amendment made all free. It shattered every fetter, broke every chain; it uprooted the auction block, sanctified marriage, giving wife and child to husband and father and threw the protection of constitution and flag over the freedman's cabin.

The 14th amendment made us all citizens. It became a binding pledge—loyalty and protection—between man and State. It put the bright crown of sovereignty on every brow.

The 15th amendment secured to all citizens the right to vote. It placed the ballot box—that ark of our safety—within the reach of all. It put the shining sceptre of authority into every sovereign hand.

If States pass laws contrary to these provisions or clauses they are void.

Hence, lawfully, no inequality of privileges can now be based on race or color or previous servitude. And why should they? If done, where is our boasted liberty? In such an American atmosphere the sturdiest oak of freedom would wither and perish. To preserve the liberty of the individual ever was and is the true intent and purpose of this Republic. Without that secure it has no sure permanency. Take from all the nations of the earth the breath of human rights and they are but useless dust.

This equality's opponents attempt to befog the question with the pretence that it involves social equality. It does nothing of the kind. It is a question of human rights, pure and simple; nothing more, nothing less. If it were it would not matter in essential particulars. Some men are very sensitive about associations. But Nature, after all, is a great,

broad-minded, generous mother at times.

The Federal soldier, fleeing from the horrors of Andersonville, and who in storm and darkness sought the shelter of the black man's roof, did not hesitate because of differences of race or color. Hunger forgot its pride. Charity knew no degrees of shade. Famine is democratic in matters of diet. Danger does not parley with fine distinctions. Hours of peril see prejudices perish. This cry of social equality is born of the spirit of caste—the most absurd and vulgar of all our tendencies. We have a right to the choice of our social companionships. Our likes and dislikes in such matters are properly consulted and respected. But the question at issue is as far above that silly pretence as the starry dome of heaven is above the darkened hearth. Liberty is not a social question. 'Civil equality is not social equality. We are equal only in our title to our rights. Likeness exists on all sides, but material equality exists nowhere. No two pebbles in all the stretch of shining sand upon the beach, no two leaves in the forest depth of shade, no two blades of emerald in meadow or in field are precisely alike. Nor can physical or mental or spiritual equality be created by law. It undertakes no such creation, and if it ever did its effort would end in direful and total failure. But the law does and should undertake to protect those rights wherewith we are clothed by nature, mother of us all. In our country all rights are and must be preserved by the ballot and all wrongs redressed in the same way. To the black man his ballot is a sword and shield. It is his political providence. At the ballot box is he alone the equal of any beneath the flag he helped make stainless. This should be kept for him sacred and inviolate.

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Whatever the South may do, or try to undo, the North should stand firmly

and bravely for the right. Its history has been a mingling of courage and cowardice, of battle and compromise. It offered once to sacrifice its manhood and the natural law of liberty on the altar of the Union. The South's contemptuous rejection of that offer and its appeal to arms saved us from that infamy. Even Lincoln—the tenderest memory in all our sorrowful atonement—proclaimed the duty of saving the Union with slavery. We hesitated a long time in changing the slave from property to man, and called him "contraband." We reluctantly let him wear the uniform of the Republic, and fight for the supremacy of the flag. We doubted his courage until we saw him a dead hero beneath the smoking walls of Fort Wagner.

These are some of the inconsistencies of the past. But educated by events we gradually advanced. At length, above the trenches of fields on which black and white had mingled in a common sacrifice, and from which they had carried together our victorious flag, pure and stainless, the Nation became just. The North grew grand. The people became sublime. The three amendments were adopted. Our Republic became in fact what it had been only in name.

Let us not repeat that cowardly, that inhuman history. Let us see to it that the black man has the rights he is entitled to, the rights he has earned in bondage and in war, by suffering and heroism. The old issues are renewed. The old struggle is upon us. The conflict of other days returns behind a mask. Do not be misled. It is the old hatred, the old race prejudice.

In this hour of supreme importance to liberty itself, let every man in the North turn to the dawn, and uphold the right of every citizen beneath our flag, of whatever race or color, regardless of the past, to have and to exercise all the privileges of American citizenship in peace, in safety and in honor.

## NOTED BUSINESS WOMEN OF CHICAGO.

MRS. HATTIE M. HICKS.

ALBERTA MOORE-SMITH.

It is with no small degree of pleasure we present to the readers of the "American" a brief sketch of the business career of Mrs. Hattie M. Hicks, Chicago, Ill.

Born in Lexington, Mo., of poor, but deeply religious parents, she was forced out into the work-a-day world to earn her own livelihood, thereby losing all opportunities of gaining a good common school education, which is so necessary to assure one of permanent success in the various walks of life.

Becoming tired of menial work she determined to learn more of the world's wisdom—to enter the business world and become a component part of the vast army of skilled artisans.

Having moved to Harrisville, Mo., she sought work in the various stores and offices of the above-named place, but met only polite rebuffs and discouragement. The insults she was forced to bear at this time would have caused many a weak-hearted girl to have fled from the place in utter disgust. But possessing indomitable courage and a strong desire to succeed at any cost, Mrs. Hicks was undaunted, and never lost an opportunity of presenting herself to people who were in need of employes.

One day, having been unusually unfortunate, she walked into the hairdressing establishment of Mrs. Maggie Coleman, a great temperance worker, who has won much renown by her close association with the late Frances Willard. After stating the conditions of her case, she refused to take "no" for an answer, and was so persistent that Mrs. Coleman decided to give her a trial.

This was the largest establishment of its kind in Harrisville, and as soon as it became known that Mrs. Coleman had employed a Negress as an apprentice, many objections were raised to her filling the position, although she was installed behind a screen.

Despite the dissatisfaction of her co-laborers and some of the citizens of the town, Mrs. Coleman turned a deaf ear to their arguments; for she was convinced that she had found a "diamond in the rough," which would shine brilliantly if put through the proper process.

By close application to her work and an unquenchable thirst to learn, Mrs. Hicks soon gained the confidence of her employer. The "colored" screen was removed and she was made one of the clerks, along with the other apprentices. Such satisfaction did she give while serving in this capacity that customers would sit and wait until she was at leisure to fill their orders.

Thus it has ever been. Many white people fear the Negro at a distance, but when they come in close contact with one who is striving to make the most of his God-given talents, and is rapidly becoming a success, they seek that which they had shunned. This trait of character is one of the secrets of an Anglo-Saxon's success in business. He knows no color in trade.

Mrs. Hicks says: "The two years spent in the employ of Mrs. Coleman were the brightest periods of my life." After learning millinery, dressmaking, ventilating, weaving, hairdressing, wig making, and in fact, all that pertains to hair work, she left her benefactress and

moved to Kansas City, Mo. Here, with the assistance of three girls, she did an excellent business until 1890, when she moved to the World's Fair City, Chicago, Ill. Having met with financial reverses she was unable to open a store, so she hired out to the late Mrs. Bland, who at that time was one of Chicago's foremost Negro hairdressers. After the death of this most estimable lady, Mrs. Hicks resumed the business at the same place with only fifteen dollars' worth of stock. Think of it! Only an abiding faith in the old adage, "where there is a will there is a way," could have prompted this little woman to attempt such an undertaking in a great, cruel city like Chicago, and in a vicinity where competition was rife. But with more "push" than money she stuck to her business for three years without any forecast of brighter days. Many times she did not know where her rent was coming from. Days would pass by without anything being added to the cash book. Many wise (?) people endeavored to show her the folly of her efforts, but knowing that the conditions which govern success are character, judgment, experience and stick-to-it-iveness, she patiently smiled at their woeful warnings and continued to watch and wait.

Success did come. Her trade grew so rapidly that dressmaking and millinery were crowded out. Today she has one of the largest and best-stocked hair stores of any colored woman in the city of Chicago. With five assistants she attends to a large outside trade, besides store customers. With an excellent stock of combs, tonics, pomades, wigs and braids, valued at from one dollar and a half to twenty dollars, she has eight hundred dollars' worth of stock. She also has a good mail order business throughout Mississippi, Tennessee, Alabama, Kentucky, and Michigan.

At the Middle States Exposition, held in this city during the month of Sep-

tember, Mrs. Hicks so thoroughly demonstrated her ability to the visitors that many orders were received through this agency.

Fifteen girls have learned the hair trade from Mrs. Hicks. Three of these she is justly proud of, for one is doing a good business in California, one in Colorado and one in Mississippi. A large number of women began the trade, but they soon wearied and sought for something "easier."

Two years ago Mrs. Hicks conceived the idea of learning how to make wax figures, as she had had several calls for them. She became a pupil of Mrs. Callie Douglas, who at that time was said to be one of the best wax figure makers in the Northwest. Not being able to give the work the necessary time, she was forced to quit her studies and did not again resume them until this summer, when she entered one of the largest wax factories of the country. Here she assisted in turning out one hundred and fifty models. So satisfactory was her work that she was offered a permanent position with the firm, but having her own business to look after she could not accept.

In the early part of January Mrs. Hicks will enlarge her store to its fullest capacity to make room for a wax factory which she will operate, together with the hair work. She will have all necessary facilities to teach those who desire to learn so fascinating a trade. We trust Negro women from all parts of the country will take advantage of this opportunity and seek to learn this trade which she is so well qualified to teach.

Her desire is to teach others and not hide her light under a bushel. She will branch out into deeper channels in order to become familiarized with all the latest innovations pertaining to the work. A minimum price will be charged all persons who desire to learn, for the wages of the average Negro bread-win-



ner will not permit him to pay exorbitant prices for any trade or profession.

Let none of us continue to think that a white hand is more capable of guiding us through the many recondite mysteries of science. When we learn side by side of our white brothers and sisters and enter into the work-a-day world fully equipped with the same tools they are carrying, there is no reason why any black man or woman should pass one of our own race by when seeking to learn a trade or profession. Competency and not color should be the watchword.

Knowing what obstacles Mrs. Hicks has had to overcome and seeing the success she now enjoys by continued hard labor, we feel assured that this sketch of her life will be an incentive to other Negro women who are weak and discouraged. Uneducated and unassisted,

she has reached a height that knows no turning back. She is one of whom the Negro race should feel proud.

One of her most beautiful traits of character is her readiness to always speak good of others, and especially of those who are following the same trade. She praises those who have attempted to ruin her business career, and if jealousy and selfishness ever disturb her tranquility, no evidence of it is ever shown by word or look. For this trait alone she commands our highest consideration.

Unostentatious, quiet and of a deeply religious nature, Mrs. Hicks is forging her way to the front, and any person coming to the "White City" should not fail to visit her store and see what she has accomplished by endeavoring to lift others as she climbs.

## THE PERFECT DAY.

Into our lives—a rose amid the thorns,  
A star in night—there came one perfect day;  
Framed all in sunshine, lit with light of love,  
And compassed round with blessing ev'ry way,  
Hush! let us keep it, sweet,  
By God's own grace, complete.

Now, though the shadows gather round our path;  
Now, though the darkness rise and hide the light;  
Now, though we never reap life's aftermath,  
Nor ever touch again so fair a height;  
Now, let come what come may,  
We knew one perfect day.

Sweet, looking up, we know that pain must rise,  
And strife, to mar that day's most perfect peace;  
But, looking farther, in God's light of love  
We see the land where all the discords cease;  
And where—God grant—we may  
Re-live that perfect day!  
—"The Bookman."

## LIFE AND WORK OF NEGROES DISTINGUISHED IN EARLIER CENTURIES

IN

SCIENCE, LITERATURE AND THE ARTS.

### II. GUSTAVUS VASSA.

BISHOP H. GREGOIRE.

Olandad Equiano, better known by the name of Gustavus Vassa, was born in 1746, at Essaka. This is the name of a charming valley, far distant from the coast and capital of Benin, of which it was considered as forming a part, although its government was almost independent, under the authority of some elders or chiefs, of which his father was one.

At the age of twelve Vassa was carried off with his sister, by robbers. The children were separated; he was thrown into a Guinea vessel, and after a horrible passage, he was sold at Barbadoes, and brought directly to England. He became the sport of fortune, sometimes free, sometimes a slave, or domestic. He made several voyages to the Antilles and different parts of the American continent. He visited Spain, Portugal, Italy, Turkey and Greenland. The love of freedom, which he had first felt in infancy, tormented his mind, and this torment was increased by the obstacles which prevented him from recovering it. Commencing the most rigid economy, with three pence he began a small trade, which gave him a tolerable profit, notwithstanding the injury he sustained by the roguery of the whites; at last in 1781, having escaped the dangers of the sea, and having also avoided the cruelty of his masters, one of whom, at Savannah, proposed to assassinate him, Vassa restored himself to liberty, established

himself at London, married and published his memoirs, which have been several times reprinted in both hemispheres, and of which there was a new edition in 1794. It was proven by respectable testimony that he was the author. This precaution is necessary for a class of individuals who are always disposed to calumniate Negroes and to extenuate the crime of oppressing them.

Although carried from his country when young, his affection for his family and a good memory preserved for him a rich store of recollections. We read with interest the description he has given of his country, where luxuriant nature has been prodigal of her bounties. Agriculture is the principal occupation of the inhabitants, who are very industrious, although they are passionately fond of poetry, music and dancing.

Vassa recollects well that the physicians of Benin drew blood by means of cupping glasses; that they excelled in the art of healing wounds and overcoming the effects of poisons. He presents a curious picture of the superstitions and habits of his country, which he contrasts with those of countries where he has travelled. Thus he finds among the Greeks, at Smyrna, the dances common at Benin; he discovers a resemblance between the customs of the Jews and those of his fellow-countrymen, among whom circumcision is generally admitted. To touch a dead body is

there considered as a legal impurity, and the women are accustomed to the same ablutions as the Hebrews.

The effect of adversity often is to give more energy to religious sentiments. Man, abandoned by his fellow-man, and unfortunate upon the earth, turns his looks towards heaven, to seek there consolation and a Father. Such was Vassa; he did not sink under the load of evils which pressed upon him. Like other celebrated men, penetrated with the presence of the Supreme Being, he continually directed his views beyond the bounds of life, towards a new country, where all tears shall be wiped away. He was converted to Methodism, and was on the point of being sent to Egypt as a missionary. Taught by adversity, Vassa became very sensible to the misfortunes of others. He deplored the fate of the Greeks, who were treated by the

Turks almost in the same manner as the Negroes by the colonists. He had sympathy even for galley slaves, with whom the bounds of just punishment have been transgressed.

He had seen his African countrymen exposed to all the punishments which cupidity and rage could invent. He contrasted the cruelties they suffered with the morality of the Gospel, which is in direct opposition.

That individual is to be pitied who, after reading the memoirs of Vassa, does not feel for the author sentiments of affection and esteem. His son, Sancho, versed in Bibliography, was assistant librarian to Sir Joseph Banks, and also secretary to the Committee for Vaccination. Vassa published a poem containing one hundred and twelve verses, which he composed in consequence of his disquietude arising from a choice of a religion.



## LEAD BY THY LIFE.

CLIFFORD R. JONES.

Be worthy of the trust that's placed in  
you,  
By doing well that which you have to  
do.  
Place high the standard of your heart's  
desire,  
And let your deeds some other heart  
inspire.

For whether high or low be your estate  
Some kindred soul your deeds will emu-  
late;  
And should you overtake, upon life's  
road,  
Some weary pilgrim, bent beneath his  
load,

Fail not to pause, and help him on his  
way,  
For time thus spent, is counted not de-  
lay.  
And when you come to where the paths  
diverge,  
Toward the right be sure to urge

All those who fain would go the other  
way,  
To follow you, lest they should go  
astray.  
And let your voice be that of one who  
cheers  
The lonely heart, and makes it smile  
through tears.

Be tender, patient, generous and true,  
Lend strength to weaker hands stretched  
out to you,  
And when at last the sands of life have  
run,  
The consciousness of deeds thus nobly  
done,  
Will be the beacon light of Paradise,  
To guide your spirit safely to the skies.



## HOW THE STEAMER "PLANTER" RAN AWAY.

EVA B. ALLENSWORTH.

Among the most interesting and remarkable incidents of the Civil War is the account of a gunboat running away from slavery. It was a common thing for a man or woman to make his or her escape, but for an inanimate object it was something out of the ordinary; nevertheless, such was the case of the rebel gunboat "Planter."

It was often the case in the South for the slaves to fill important positions; especially was this done during the Civil War. While the white men were on the firing line, owners of vessels would often utilize intelligent and skillful slaves as their crews. Robert Smalls being one of this class, was employed to pilot the "Planter" in and around Charleston harbor. In May, 1862, Smalls determined to help the "Planter" to run away and seek refuge in the Union lines. How this was done is best told in the following correspondence.

U. S. Ship "Onward."

Off Charleston, S. C., May 13, 1862.

Sir: I have to report that this morning at sunrise I saw a steamer coming from the direction of Fort Sumter and steering directly for this ship. I immediately beat to quarters and sprung the ship around so as to enable me to bring her broadsides to bear, and had so far succeeded as to bring the port guns to bear, when I discovered that the steamer, now rapidly approaching, had a white flag set at the fore.

The steamer ran alongside and I immediately boarded her, hauled down the flag of truce, and hoisted the American ensign, and found that it was the steamer "Planter," of Charleston, that had suc-

cessfully run past the forts and escaped. She was wholly manned by Negroes, representing themselves to be slaves.

I herewith place the steamer in your hands for disposition.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,  
J. F. NICKLES,

Acting Volunteer Lieutenant, Commanding U. S. Ship "Onward,"

Commander E. G. Parrott,

Senior Officer, Commanding Blockading Squadron off Charleston.

After receiving this communication, Commander Parrott issued the following order to Acting Master Watson of the U. S. Ship "Augusta:"

U. S. S. "Augusta,"

Off Charleston, May 13, 1862.

Sir: You will take charge of the prize steamer "Planter," proceed with her to Port Royal, and report to Flag Officer S. F. Du Pont.

You will make every exertion to rejoin this vessel with your prize crew and the arms, etc., intrusted to your care, as soon as possible.

After issuing this order Commander Parrott made the following report to Flag Officer S. F. Du Pont:

U. S. Ship "Augusta."

Off Charleston, May 15, 1862.

Sir: I have the honor to inform you that the rebel armed steamer "Planter" was brought out to us this morning from Charleston by eight contrabands and delivered up to the squadron. Five colored women and three children are also on board. She carries one 32-pounder and one 24-pounder howitzer, and has

also on board four large guns, which she was engaged in transporting.

I send her to Port Royal at once, in order to take advantage of the present good weather. I send Charleston papers of the 12th, and the very intelligent contraband who was in charge will give you the information which he has brought off.

I have the honor to request that you will send back, as soon as convenient, the officer and prize crew sent on board.

I am, respectfully, etc., your obedient servant,

E. G. Parrott,  
Commander and Senior Officer Present.  
Flag Officer S. F. Du Pont,  
Commanding South Atlantic Blockading Squadron.

On May 14, 1862, Flag Officer Du Pont made the following report to the Secretary of the Navy at Washington:  
Flagship "Wabash,"

Port Royal Harbor, S. C., May 14, 1862.

Sir: I enclose a copy of a report from Commander E. G. Parrott, brought here last night by the late rebel steam tug "Planter," in charge of an officer and crew from the "Augusta." She was an armed dispatch and transportation steamer, attached to the engineer department at Charleston, under Brigadier-General Ripley, whose barge, a short time since, was brought out to the blockading fleet by several contrabands.

The bringing out of this steamer, under all the circumstances, would have done credit to any one. At four in the morning, in the absence of the captain, who was on shore, she left her wharf, close to the Government office and headquarters, with palmetto and Confederate flag flying, passed the successive forts, saluting as usual by blowing her steam whistle. After getting beyond the range of the last gun she quickly hauled down the rebel flags and hoisted a white one.

The "Onward" was the inside ship of the blockading fleet in the main channel,

and was preparing to fire when her commander made out the white flag.

The armament of the steamer is a 32-pounder, on pivot, and a fine 24-pounder howitzer. She has, besides, on her deck, four other guns, one 7-inch rifle, which were to be taken the morning of the escape to the new fort on the middle ground. One of the four belonged to Fort Sumter, and had been struck, in the rebel attack on that fort, on the muzzle.

Robert, the intelligent slave and pilot of the boat, who performed this bold feat so skilfully, informed me of this fact, presuming it would be a matter of interest to us to have possession of this gun.

This man, Robert Smalls, is superior to any who has yet come into the lines, intelligent as many of them have been. His information has been most interesting, and portions of it of the utmost importance.

The steamer is quite a valuable acquisition to the squadron, by her good machinery and very light draft. The officer in charge brought her through St. Helena Sound and by the inland passage down Beaufort River, arriving here at ten last night.

On board the steamer when she left Charleston were eight men, five women, and three children.

I shall continue to employ Robert as a pilot on board the "Planter" for the inland waters, with which he appears to be very familiar.

I do not know whether, in view of the Government, the vessel will be considered a prize; but, if so, I respectfully submit to the Department the claims of this man Robert and his associates.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

S. F. Du Pont,  
Flag Officer, Comdg. South Atlantic  
Blockading Squadron.

Hon. Gideon Welles,  
Secretary of the Navy, Washington.

A few days later, Acting Secretary Fox of the Navy issued the following order regarding the appraisement of the steamer:

Navy Department, May 18, 1862.

Sir: The Department has received your interesting dispatch in relation to the rebel armed steamer "Planter," brought out from Charleston by eight contrabands and delivered to our naval forces off that port.

You will please have the "Planter" appraised and the report of appraisement forwarded to the Department.

I am, respectfully, your obedient servant,

G. V. Fox,  
Acting Secretary.

Flag Officer S. F. Du Pont,  
Comdg. South Atlantic Blockading  
Squadron, Port Royal, S. C.

The President and country were so pleased with what Smalls and his associates had done, that Congress was prevailed upon to show its appreciation in a tangible form. This fact was made known in the following:

Navy Department, July 15, 1862.

Sir: I transmit herewith a copy of an act of Congress for the relief of Robert Smalls and others; also a duplicate of a letter in reference to the same, addressed to you from this Department the 6th ult.

Your dispatch of the 9th ult. states the appraisal of the vessel, exclusive of the loose guns sent to New York, to be \$9,000.

The loose guns were appraised at \$168, making a total of \$9,168, one-half of which (\$4,584) is to be divided between Robert Smalls and his associates.

You will inform the Department in what proportion this amount should be divided between them.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

Gideon Welles.  
Flag Officer S. F. Du Pont,

Comdg. South Atlantic Blockading  
Squadron, Port Royal.

(Enclosure.)

Navy Department, June 6, 1862.

Sir: I transmit herewith a copy of the act of Congress for the relief of Robert Smalls and others.

Your attention is called to the last clause of the first section.

You will have the boat appraised, as before ordered, and, with the appraisal, forward to the Department the names of the associates of Robert Smalls, with the amount which, in your opinion, should be apportioned to each of them.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

Gideon Welles.  
Flag Officer S. F. Du Pont,  
Comdg. South Atlantic Blockading  
Squadron, Port Royal.

(Sub-enclosure.)

Section 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled: That the Secretary of the Navy be, and he is hereby, authorized to cause the steam transport boat "Planter," recently in the rebel service in the harbor of Charleston, and all the arms, munitions, tackle, and other property on board of her at the time of her delivery to the Federal authorities, to be appraised by a board of competent officers, and when the value thereof shall be thus ascertained, to cause an equitable apportionment of one-half of such value so ascertained as aforesaid to be made between Robert Smalls and his associates in rescuing her from the enemies of the Government.

Section 2. And be it further enacted, That the Secretary of the Navy may, if he deems it expedient, cause the sum of money allotted to each individual under the preceding section of this act to be invested in United States securities for the benefit of such individuals, the interest to be paid to him or to his heirs

annually until such time as the Secretary of the Navy may deem it expedient to pay to him or his heirs the principal sum as aforesaid.

Approved May 30, 1862.

In the following communication we have the amount paid to Smalls and his associates:

Flagship "Wabash,"  
Port Royal Harbor, S. C., Aug. 19, 1862.

Sir: I have the honor to submit to the Department the following apportionment of one-half of the appraised value of the steamer "Planter," with her armament and loose guns found on board, among Robert Smalls and his associates:

The appraised value of the vessel and her armament was .....	\$9,000
The appraised value of loose guns .....	168
Total .....	\$9,168
Amount to be apportioned is one-half, or .....	4,584
To be distributed as follows:	
Robert Smalls, leader of the party	1,500
John Smalls .....	450
A. Gridiron, old engineer of "Planter" .....	450
J. Chisholm .....	400
A. Alston .....	400
G. Turno .....	400
A. Jackson .....	400
W. Morrison, who joined the "Planter" after she left the wharf .....	384
Annie and Lavinia, unprotected women of the party .....	100
Total .....	\$4,384

The other women (not mentioned above) derived benefit through their various relationships to the men; these two have no such connections, and are destitute and unprovided for.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,  
S. F. Du Pont,

Rear Admiral, Comdg. South Atlantic Blockading Squadron.

Hon. Gideon Welles,

Secretary of the Navy, Washington.

The following shows what the Confederates thought of the episode:

Hdqrs. Second Military Dist. of South Carolina,

Charleston, S. C., May 13, 1862.

General: I have to report that the steamer "Planter" was stolen from Southern Wharf at between 3 and 3.30 o'clock this morning and taken to the enemy's fleet, off the bar, where she was visible till late in the forenoon. By telegram from Stono this afternoon it is reported that she has gone South. The "Planter" is a high-pressure, light-draft boat, drawing ordinarily not more than three and one-half to four feet, and has been employed in the Confederate service in the transportation of ordnance, etc., to and from the various posts in the harbor and other localities in the neighborhood. She was under the command of C. J. Relyea as master, Samuel H. Smith, a Charleston pilot, being mate and Zerick Pitcher, engineer, with a colored crew, eight in number, and all slaves. Neither the captain, mate, nor engineer were on board at the time of her departure, notwithstanding Paragraph VIII., in Orders No. 5, viz.:

"All light-draft steamers in the employ of the Government will be in readiness to move at once, their officers and crews, when at the wharf, remaining on board day and night."

Four of her colored crew and one of the colored crew of the steamer "Eto-wah" are missing, and are supposed to be parties to the theft. The "Planter" was to have taken to the middle ground battery early this morning a portion of armament for that fortification, which had been put on board yesterday afternoon, viz., a banded rifle 42, one 8-inch columbiad, one 8-inch sea-coast howitzer, and one 32-pounder. She



had also mounted for her own use one 32-pounder and a 24-pounder howitzer, and for use in Fort Sumter a 10-inch columbiad carriage, all of which have fallen into the hands of the enemy.

From the examination of the guard in the neighborhood of the wharf whence the "Planter" was stolen, it would appear that about 8 o'clock last night two white men and a white woman went on board of her, and as they were not seen to return it is supposed that they have also gone in her. The sentinel on post about fifty yards from where the "Planter" was moored noticed her movement from the wharf at between 3 and 3.30 o'clock, but did not think it necessary to stop her, presuming that she was but pursuing her usual business. The "Planter," after leaving the wharf, proceeded along the bay as far, perhaps, as the Atlantic Wharf, where, after a short stoppage and the blowing

of her whistle, she was turned and proceeded on her course to sea. She passed Fort Sumter at 4.15 o'clock and was reported by the sentinel on duty to the officer of the day. She was supposed to be the guard boat and allowed to pass without interruption.

I have the honor to be, yours most respectfully,

F. G. Ravenel,  
Aide-de-Camp.

Brigadier-General R. S. Ripley,  
Second Military District.

Thus we see that a bold feat was skillfully performed. The "Planter," like many union officers and soldiers escaping from Confederate prisons, was piloted safely into the Union lines, through many dangers and difficulties by the noble deed of Hon. Robert Smalls. This, with other of his achievements, should be narrated in every Negro family in the country.

## WILLIAM PICKENS, YALE UNIVERSITY.

J. SHIRLEY SHADRACH.

William Pickens, the colored orator of Yale, who sprang into prominence a month ago by winning the Ten Eyck prize, the first time in the history of the university that a colored student has carried off the highest honor of the junior class, is a much-talked of man just at present.

Why this great commotion over Pickens? He's not the first, he won't be the last Negro to sweep the stakes in a fair struggle for first place. Numbers of brilliant colored men have carried off class honors in great schools of learning, at home and abroad, long years ago; it seems almost time for the community to become accustomed to our way of doing business. It is the duty of every Negro, blessed with honorable opportunity, to

take everything in sight as his portion of this world's goods. This country owes us compound interest on the toil of our ancestors invested as capital stock in the upbuilding of this opulent and powerful Republic. We intend to have our interest in spite of the insane ravings of malicious enemies.

"The pound of flesh, which we demand . . .

Is dearly bought; 'tis ours, and we will have it."

Despite the wave of sensationalism that has swept over this young man, threatening to engulf and destroy his future usefulness among his own people, caused doubtless by the wily schemes of capitalists and unprincipled territory grabbers, we see in his career only the

pitiful struggle of a man fighting against fearful odds to accomplish a dear ambition.

However we may individually resent Mr. Pickens's erroneous conception of the political and social conditions existing in Hayti, as expressed in his essay, let us not condemn too severely the fervent zeal of youth. Let us weigh well the temptations surrounding one who has been the under dog hitherto in this human struggle with poverty, obscurity and the scorn of the world.

—  
Glittering generalities:

William Pickens, the Yale Negro student who won the Ten Eyck prize in the leading oratorical contest of the year, has received an offer of financial assistance from Mrs. Douglas Robinson of New York, sister of President Roosevelt.

After he delivered his oration in Newport, Miss Lucy Giles, a millionaire's daughter, was so deeply affected that she stuck a diamond pin in his coat.

On May 29, Mr. Pickens came to Harvard University to deliver his oration. He was met at the Back Bay station by a committee representing the university and the city government of Cambridge. These gentlemen had engaged an open barouche to convey the young hero across the Charles to the "college town." This is a pretty strong dose of adulation.

—  
Concealed impudence; specious flattery:

"Evidently he owes nothing to the Caucasian strain, morally or intellectually. He seems to be a Negro, pure and simple, which gives to the incident a significance it would not otherwise possess. He is not a mulatto—or so it seems—not a quadroon, or an octoroon, or a suggestion. He is straight goods and all the better for it."

What a wonderful delineator of the vagaries of the human character old

William Shakespeare was! Iago, unable to surpass Othello's brilliant career, or mar his prestige, at last cut the wonderful Moor down to his own pitiful size by sowing dissension in Othello's family. "I hate the Moor . . . He holds me well; The better shall my purpose work on him.

To get his place and to plume up my will  
In double knavery—How, then?—Let's see:—

The Moor is of a free and open nature,  
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so,

And will as tenderly be led by the nose  
as asses are.

I have 't. It is engendered. Hell and night

Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light."

In union there is strength. A house divided against itself cannot stand; neither can a race. Let us consign these rotten and insidious invasions of race unity, to the depths of oblivion. The crafty insinuation—promulgated for our undoing—that white blood elevates or that black blood demeans, is, indeed, "a monstrous birth of hell and night."

—  
Of himself Mr. Pickens says:

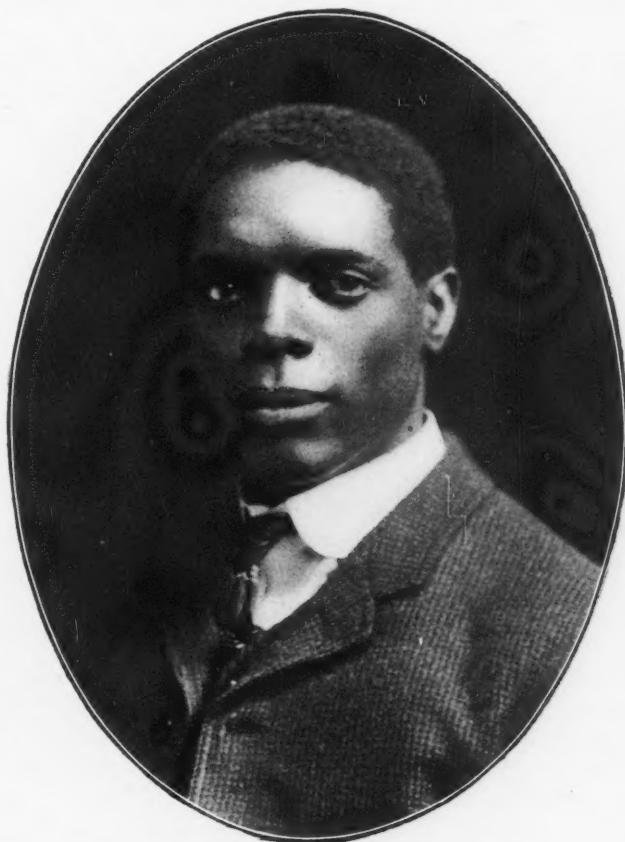
"In 1881 I was born somewhere in South Carolina. The event called for no careful record. My parents had both been slaves, were both illiterate, but possessed the then rare ability to read the New Testament when printed in large characters. My father derived his name from the old Pickens family of Revolutionary fame.

In 1888, on my seventh birthday, my parents were caught by the great black wave that swept westward from the Southeastern States across the Mississippi River, in search of a better home. In 1891 we moved to Little Rock, Arkansas. There, in that same year, I began school and, strangely, I had gathered sufficient knowledge of reading and

numbers to be put into the third or fourth primary grade. At the close of that scholastic year the teacher announced that I was the leader of the class.

I became ambitious, and having a good memory, from that day for seven years, I committed each lesson to memory daily, so as to go through my les-

period. Thus I completed the first high school grade, tenth year, in 1897. Then a "free bridge" destroyed my occupation. I had yet two years before high school graduation. I got work at a stove factory by the side of a very cruel man who made repeated attempts to maim me, thus teaching me wariness and giving me an insight into human nature that has



WILLIAM PICKENS, YALE UNIVERSITY.

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sons in history, physiology and geography, verbatim.

"My mother's death was the first great blow by which God taught me self-reliance. I had been saving money for my books and clothing, which sum always needed her supplement. But now the whole was left to me. I got a job on the skiff ferry of the Arkansas River, where I could work in days of the school

served me well since. In June, 1899, having made continuously the highest mark of my class for eight years, I delivered at the high school commencement the enviable valedictory.

"The last year of the high school I got through by working Saturdays at a saw-mill and being the watchman on Sundays. This is the life that I delight to remember. I lay on warm days (Sun-

days) on a lumber pile, and wrote beautiful little lyrics and class satires, which I took to school on Mondays for the amusement of my schoolmates and the delight of my teacher of literature.

"After graduation came the question of the future. My first idea was to work a year or two and save enough to go to Howard University, Washington, D. C., but by chance I became acquainted with a colored Congregational minister, Rev. Y. B. Sims, of Little Rock, who is a graduate of Talladega College, Alabama. By him I was directed to Talladega. Then began my active preparation for college, viz., hard work on the building of the great Choctaw Railroad through the wilds of Arkansas. By the last of September I had saved about \$50 of my earnings, and with this sum I started for Talladega, Ala., paying \$15 for railroad fare and giving \$30 to the college treasurer. Upon examination I was put into the sophomore class, and by good work easily won the friendship of my teachers and finished the year in 1900 at the head of my classes. In the summer of 1900 I earned expenses for the next year by travelling as the speaker in a troupe sent out by the college to solicit aid for its expenses. I was somewhat successful in my rôle, and was consequently invited to speak at the annual meeting of the American Missionary Association in October, 1900, Springfield, Mass. I graduated from Talladega College last June. Through the influence of Dr. S. W. Andrews, President of the institution, and Dr. A. F. Beard, Senior Secretary of the A. M. A., I had received word from Prof. H. P. Wright, of Yale, that I could enter the junior class and have a part of my tuition remitted, till Christmas examination, after which any help received would depend upon scholarship and attendance.

"I went to Chicago, got work at once as a machinist's helper for \$1.50 per day, worked thirteen weeks and got \$80.

Two or three days before the opening of Yale's fall term, I quit work, bought a few needed articles, paid for a railroad ticket, and landed in New Haven a stranger, and with the lavish sum of about \$15 in my pocket.

"After getting straight with the college through the dean's office, I began search for a place to earn my board. With great good fortune, I became acquainted with Mr. Wm. Lotze, Secretary of the New Haven Y. M. C. A., and he secured me a place in the association restaurant, where with three or four hours' work daily, I earned board until a few weeks ago.

"I now found myself pressed for time. Many nights I did not go to bed before 3 A.M., having got a job at a banquet hall or private party. I lived so far from the institution that I had no time to think of anything save board-earning and lesson-learning. But after Christmas a room was found me in White Hall where I was nearer my work and the libraries.

"The Ten Eyck subjects had been announced in the fall. About the middle of January I stepped into the Dean's office, received a catalogue and noticed that the essays were to be handed in February 25. It required considerable nerve to attempt the seemingly impossible, but having already learned the virtue of hard work and been convinced that genius is only a magniloquent and euphemistic expression for determined effort, I decided to write. I saw "Hayti" on the list. I rolled up my sleeves and went in for a good chance to make a philanthropical and magnificent plea for the non-interference of the outside world in Haytian affairs.

"Although I went to study with a "previous" opinion, yet that opinion was held subject to change, and changed it was.

"I intend to do Christian educational work, and not law. I am unwilling to



narrow my work for my race to the small circle of the average colored lawyer. Although many of my dearly-beloved brothers of color will frown at my saying so, there is a far more important and effective power for the Negro race to gain than the ballot.

"I know well how a black often feels; sometimes he is almost persuaded that probably he is not human, after all. He wonders if what everyone seems to think is not really so. But it is by the help of doubts, as well as of faith, that we succeed. And I take this opportunity to say to any black man that, after all, nothing can hurt a black man like a black man can hurt a black man's self."

Mr. Pickens is above the average in height, of rather slender build, and somewhat boyish in appearance. His conversation shows the advantage of close application to books; his proficiency in mathematics is marked, for since beginning the study he has never failed on a problem.

Travel, and intercourse with men of broad culture, under different political environments, will doubtless change in a marked degree Mr. Pickens's low esti-

mate of Hayti and the Haytians. Intellectually, the educated Haytian is to be envied, even by our polished Anglo-Saxons. His perfect manners, his cosmopolitan culture, his unswerving race fealty,—all excite our wonder and call forth admiration.

Let us have no fears for the future of Hayti, or for that of our entire race. We feel with the late Frederick Douglass that, as the north star is eternal in the heavens, so will Hayti remain forever in the firmament of nations.

Young blood and inexperience are responsible for the unpopular opinions expressed in Mr. Pickens's essay. Time and experience will round off the corners of his character, and dampen the ardor of his enthusiasm. Give him time, friends.

But just at this crisis such an avalanche of humiliation emanating from the brain and pen of a Negro, has certainly "jarred" us. Under a republican form of government, without the franchise men might as well be monkeys; the ballot makes the man.



## GEMS OF THOUGHT FROM THE OLD ABOLITIONISTS.

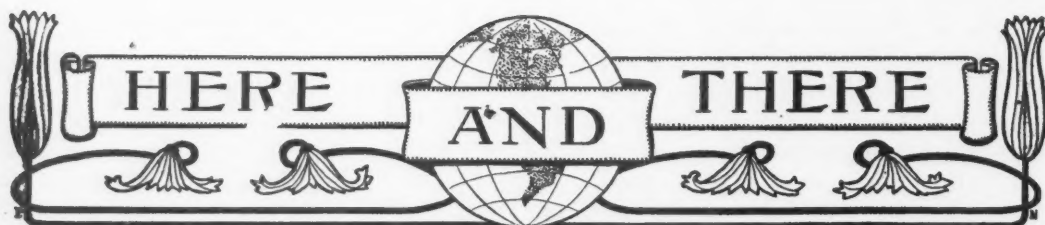
All suppression of selfishness makes the moment great.

That is the only true church organization, when heads and hearts unite in working for the welfare of the human race!

Like a cloud of thunder and lightning

Frederick Douglass loomed above the horizon.

Daniel Webster walked out with Ichabod written on his garments; and strong in moral majesty in walked Charles Sumner, a man so honest and pure that he could not see any other line than a straight one.—Lydia Maria Child.



[Under this heading we shall publish monthly such short articles or locals as will enable our subscribers to keep in close touch with the various social movements among the colored race, not only throughout this country but the world. All are invited to contribute items of general news and interest.]

Denver has a promising young composer in the person of Mr. Garfield Wilson, Lincoln Avenue.

Mr. Wilson is the author of many musical compositions, and gives promise of becoming famous.

Mr. Wilson may be called a natural musician; he plays the piano by ear, following the most difficult music after hearing it once played. He also gives a pleasing performance upon the violin. Mr. Wilson is very popular in public and private life, and pleases his audiences greatly.

Mr. Wilson was born in Kansas City, Mo., twenty-two years ago. He moved to Denver when two years old, and has received an excellent education in the public schools.

Floyd Dunston was born in Ohio twenty-one years ago, but at the age of five years he came to Los Angeles with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Dunston, living at No. 814 Linden St. The boy grew up here, and attended the high school for some time, being a prime favorite with teachers and scholars.

At fourteen years of age his talent for musical composition first began to assert itself, and from that time until the day of his death, he composed steadily. His facility in writing was amazing, and

once seated with a blank score before him, he could fill it with the notes of a melody almost as fast as his pen could travel over the paper.

Then his people got him a piano, and he learned the technique of this instrument. He was now not only in a position to compose, but to try out the productions of his heart and brain as well. And therefore he soon began to attract attention from professional people, and those competent to really judge of one's skill.

A year or so ago Dunston became a pupil of Morton F. Mason, the local organist-composer, and getting down to the hard study of the real science of music, began to produce things that were exquisitely finished. First, the composer organized an amateur orchestra of his own, which he directed; then the local theatres began to play his crisp, brilliant marches and two-steps, and at last he had the greatest reward of all, that of seeing his work in hard type, backed by the names of some of New York's musical publishers.

The work from his pen soon began to take a broader and deeper nature to itself, and from writing dance music for the piano, he began to turn out heavier, serious, half-symphonic compositions for full orchestra.

It was then that he was ambitious to

go abroad, and as his father is the owner of the Los Angeles Van and Truck Storage Company, a large concern, with a good business, his people were able to send him. Accordingly, he left for Berlin last August, and at once entered the conservatory as a student of piano, harmony and counterpoint. He was a great favorite with all the staid old German professors, who advanced him at

positions at present, and will bring them out at once.

The young man made equal strides, however, as an instrumentalist, and gained a great reputation among the Berlin students for his brilliant performances on the pianoforte. Although the conservatory is supposed to be equipped only with master teachers, the dark-skinned American is said to have shown



FLOYD DUNSTON, MUSICAL PRODIGY.

(See page 522)

once from the first year's work to the second, and the outlook seemed most brilliant.

Sol Bloom, the prominent New York music publisher, who has probably brought out as many new geniuses in the field of melody as any one, also took him as a protege. The Bloom concern has a number of Dunston's lighter com-

such mastery as to be almost beyond their instruction. Therefore, acting on the advice of some of the most distinguished, a meeting was arranged with Godowsky, who is probably the foremost teacher in the world. This great master was not only pleased, but was enraptured with the fire, brilliance and accuracy of Dunston's playing, and

made arrangements to take him as a student next year.

Among those who heard him was John Philip Sousa, the eminent American bandmaster, who was on tour. Sousa also expressed great faith in the probable success of the young man.

He died April 6, in a Berlin hospital, of typhoid fever.

In a sermon delivered last Sunday morning week in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., the Rev. Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis criticised the attitude on Negro suffrage of ex-President Cleveland and of Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott, his predecessor in this pulpit. His subject was "The Decline of Great Convictions; Are Society's Leaders Losing Their Grip on the Supreme Realities and Principles that Make a Nation Great?" He said in part:

"Our fathers founded the republic upon liberty and equality, and dedicated it to the proposition that all men, without regard to race, should have equal opportunity. And now, strangely enough, just at the time when steamships have brought China and England and India close to our shores, just at the time when all who love their kind are looking forward to international law and international justice and international money, we behold some of our great leaders losing all faith in equality of the races and the right of suffrage for white and black and brown and yellow alike.

"At a meeting held in New York a few weeks ago the ex-President, Mr. Cleveland, and a great religious editor, Dr. Lyman Abbott, spoke on the color question. They affirmed that the gift of the right of suffrage to the Negro had been a failure, that the Negro was ignorant, vicious and unworthy. They closed the door of hope in the Negro's face. With reference to the fact that several Southern states have disfran-

chised the Negro, they affirmed that the South should be left free to settle the Negro problem in its own way. For the hour the ex-President and the editor are, among the old leaders in the South, the most popular men in the North. Both the statesman and the editor have for the hour lost faith in the republic and in the equality of the races, in universal suffrage. Let us all cherish the hope that neither one fully realized the scope of his statement.

"If the Negro is to be disfranchised in the South, do these two men understand that they must also disfranchise him in the North? If they affirm that they disfranchise the Negro, not because of his color, but because he is illiterate, will they also disfranchise the 1,000,000 white men who are also illiterate? If the Negro is to be disfranchised, then the Declaration of Independence is wrong. If the white man, because of his illiteracy, and the black man, because of his ignorance, are to lose the ballot, then the foreign races—Italian, Bohemian, Pole and Greek—and the mountain whites must lose it also. If the universal suffrage is wrong, then the sixteenth amendment to the constitution must be given up; then Abraham Lincoln was wrong in his speech at Gettysburg, and the million soldiers who gave their lives for liberty spilled their blood in the interest of folly and superstition.

"Last year Dr. Abbott said 'more democracy' in his 'Rights of Man.' This year Dr. Abbott says the cure of the ills of democracy is less democracy. Why should more democracy cure democracy's ills in 1902 and less democracy cure its ills in 1903?

"Let us hope that that wise man, Booker Washington, will not be controlled by superficial statements, or, in leading his host out of the wilderness, look toward the drifting cloud, or study the tin weathercocks on the neighboring barns. If he and the pilgrim host ever



reach the promised land of happiness and peace they must steer by the stars that are fixed and immovable.

"In this day, when there is so little fundamental thinking and recognition of foundation principles, all young men interested in the great race problem should consider one fact, that the problem of the South is not a political problem, to be settled by a political method, called

you can revise, but not even an ex-President or a religious editor can revise or enlarge or improve God's word, that says: 'All ye are brethren.'"

—"Cleveland Gazette."

Afric-Americans to-day own more than a hundred millions worth of property acquired by dint of their industry, enterprise and ingenuity, and in every



MR. GARFIELD WILSON.

(See page 522)

taking the suffrage from the Negro, but an industrial and economic problem.

"I charge you, young men, keep your faith in your country that your fathers loved. Accept no leader who discredits the Declaration of Independence, who wants to revise Washington, Jefferson, Webster and Lincoln and the sixteenth amendment. There are some things

state and section of the country they vie with the white element in emulation of the nation's growing wealth. . . . In golden California and in all the mining states the Negro has found his way and has hoarded a mass of wealth of which statistics offer no account. Silently and unseen the colored man is building—building as the sturdy toiler, trained to

the fields and factories, while the untutored poor whites in the bottoms of the Mississippi, in the uplands of Georgia, in the pine hills of the Carolinas, the lowlands of Louisiana and the everglades of Florida, find existence almost a burden. The curse of slavery has been the curse of the poor white man in the South, while enforced labor upon the Negro has trained him to habits of toil and industry. The toiling Negro affords his government a revenue, while the indolence of the illiterate white man brings little or nothing. . . . When Julius Cæsar marched into England and found in the degraded Normans the truest type of the white man, they were without any form of government, living in a rude and uncivilized state, subsisting upon nuts. The Roman nation became their masters, from whom they gathered the idea of political government. Now it is agreed that from early history the Negro held some idea of government. On the other hand, the white man had none. We retain by inheritance our idea of government, and today we are gathering to ourselves the elements of American growth, progress and development, making ourselves a part of the nation and the nation a part of ourselves. But we boast the fame and prestige of a proud ancestry, the first to rock the cradle of the world's civilization. Out of Ethiopia into Egypt, out of Egypt into Greece, out of Greece into Rome, out of Rome throughout all Europe there came a light, which reflected its glad halo upon the bosom of humanity. Defeated and overcome in the race of nations, yet we are proud of the record of this new generation of men, once the slaves of Cæsar's slaves. Through storm and flood and against persecution and hardships we are here to share in the glorious heritage of a common humanity.

—"Cleveland Gazette."

One of the most interesting questions

in this community just at this time is the combination of the white and colored laborers on the river front. The cotton screwmen, for such they are, are in the midst of a controversy with the ship agents as to the terms on which the cotton to be shipped from this port is to be loaded into vessels. This is not the first clash that has taken place between these interests, but unlike those of former years, in the present one the white and colored screwmen are combined. This combination, as it would seem, is extremely objectionable to one or two of our city papers and, as a matter of course, to the interests most directly affected by it. That it should be so to the latter is perfectly natural and in no wise surprising, but the most bitter opposition manifested by the papers referred to seems to us, to say the least, strange indeed. The editorial in the "Times-Democrat" of May 6 is written in the unreasonable spirit usually manifested by that paper when questions that concern the Negro are under discussion. For, notwithstanding the ability manifested by that journal in the discussion of subjects in general, it finds it impossible to get from under the shadow of a most bitter race prejudice whenever the black man heaves in view. From the editorial referred to we take the following excerpt:

"The white people of the South have maintained their civilization, supremacy and racial purity by rejecting all Negro alliances and combinations and by refusing to have anything to do with those who proposed them. The relegation of the Negro to the rear in politics, drawing the color line on those white men who showed themselves willing to betray their race and join forces with the blacks in order to secure personal advantages, destroyed the foundations of the Africanization with which the republicans threatened the South in the period of reconstruction. We are now threatened

with a similar alliance of whites and blacks against the peace and business of the community; we see white men offering to divide the business of New Orleans with the Negroes, just as they offered to divide the offices and 'the swag' in days of old, and insisting upon New Orleans bowing before and accepting a Negro judge. The danger here is as great as the political danger which threatened us twenty-five years ago. It will be even more disastrous to New Orleans to have its commerce and its business absolutely controlled by a combination of black and white trades unions than under the mastery of a black and white political party. There is a far more serious matter back of the levee trouble than the temporary suspension of the commerce of the port by the exorbitant demands of the screwmen, and the sooner the mixed racial conditions now existing among the levee trades unions are broken up the better for this city."

We have long since recognized the importance to the black man of what may be called the labor question. To our mind it overshadows all other questions with which he is now confronted. There are those who think it would be best for him to hold aloof from the white laborer and make his fight alone, while others think he should, wherever possible, unite with the whites. There are advantages and disadvantages on both sides. Before the alliance was formed in this city, the white screwmen complained that Negroes did more work than they, and for lower wages. This latter not because he preferred to work for less than the whites, but because advantage of his position was taken and he acted on the principle that "a half loaf is better than no loaf at all." It was, of course, to the advantage of the employer to have him so situated. Another advantage that grew out of his situation is the fact that the Negro tried to see how much work he could do, rather than

how little. The white laborer does not do this. All the advantage was on the side of the employer. The Negro had no protection as a laborer, that is, as to his wages, and no protection for his person, as was clearly demonstrated here during the labor troubles of a few years ago, when whites and blacks were arrayed against each other. Whereas, if labor is valuable it should be protected. In the present strike they fare as do the whites, and, as we understand it, they are paid as are the whites, which is as it should be. In other words, they protect each other. With the explanation which we have given, it is easy to understand why the "Times-Democrat" is so wroth. If one must judge from its editorials on the subject, that paper is happy only when it sees the Negro placed at a disadvantage—when he is handling the "hot end of the poker." The question of politics has nothing to do with the subject, neither has that of social equality. As to who shall serve as an arbitrator will take care of itself. We dare say, however, it will take more than the bitter editorials of our contemporary to break the alliance thus formed.—"Christian Advocate," on The Labor Situation in New Orleans.

Time is like money; it must be utilized in order to obtain the best results.

Possibly, one may lose by being too early, but being too late invariably brings loss, if it is only loss of time.

The "Army and Navy Journal" prints a cry from far Liberia that excites a patriotic sentiment. A resident of Monrovia writes: "We out here love America and believe in her expansion policy, and should we ever be forced to become a colony of any Power our preference would at once be America. We look upon that country as our mother, and we are her children. We would like to see more of her vessels in our ports. We

would like to have American war vessels pay us more visits. It has been two years since one was here. Instead of Germany leading all other countries in the commercial race in Liberia we want to see the United States first, and England, as she now is, second. Can't the Navy Department allow one of the vessels on the Atlantic station to call on us once in three or six months? This would tend to strengthen us in our struggles with other nations. It would give them to understand that we have America's moral support and sympathy." We cannot well decline such a proffered fellowship as this. By all means let us leave our cards occasionally at the door of this humble, poor relation of ours. True, we cannot imagine the officers of the Atlantic station receiving with any great enthusiasm orders to call every six months at Monrovia. The social delights of this African capital are probably not as attractive as London or Marseilles and the possibilities for shore dinners are no doubt limited; but Liberia is our foster-child. Let the nations know we have not disowned her. Let ambitious Germany see our carriage at her door, occasionally. We owe it to Liberia as a matter of duty; and, besides, in the strange lines that our commercial and colonial expansion is taking, who can tell when a little courteous sentiment cast upon the waters may return to us many fold?

It is gratifying to note that notwithstanding the effort made to drop "Uncle Tom's Cabin" from among the books in libraries of the public schools of New York, the Board of Education, after a vigorous protest from all over the country, have decided that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's great book remain in the public school libraries of New York.

Wilmington, N. C., has been without a race paper since the bloody riots of

over two years ago, when the office of the "Record" was wrecked. It therefore required considerable nerve for D. Edward Bell to start the publication of the "Afro-American Advocate" in that community. We suppose Mr. Bell will keep a back door handy, in case he finds it advisable to leave town at short notice.

—"New York Age."

The Supreme Court's startling decision in the Alabama case has caused a wave of comment the world over, and the consensus of opinion seems to be that it is the first step toward the ultimate annulling of the 13th, 14th and 15th amendments of the constitution.

Australian papers give glowing accounts of Major Taylor's successes on Adelaide Oval. The racing, thanks to his efforts, was unusually interesting.

One of those wise knowalls, who always see to the remotest inside of things at a glance, declared casually on Saturday that of course the field was stiffened for Taylor on every occasion. "If he were beaten the gate would suffer next Saturday," he argued sagely, and a dozen bystanders who removed their pipes to reply indignantly, saved themselves trouble when they observed the windbag variety of man who spoke.

As a matter of fact, those who know give Taylor extra credit for his success, considering that on nearly every occasion he had the field out against him. This was particularly noticeable in the final of the Sir Edwin Smith Stakes, one of the prettiest cycle races ever seen in Adelaide. Time after time did the field attempt to pocket Taylor, and the manoeuvring was good to watch. At no time did the champion allow more than two to ride in front of him, and, as fresh detachments arrived from the back with full steam up, he jumped on to the wheel of the second man like a needle to a magnet. Then happened the usual kick and Taylor finished fresh as Brunswick.



black, while his designing pacemakers labored in the rear.

In the United States the Negro farmers own and operate 746,933 acres more land than is contained in the great State of Georgia. Judge Speer says that "this land is worth \$499,934,572 every year. Surely," says the Judge, "it is idle to speak of the deportation of a population so valuable." But the Negroes have not added alone to the coffers of their white neighbors; they have reduced their own illiteracy fifty per cent. They have 1,800,000 school children. The students in the higher institutions of learning number about 30,000, teachers 4,000; students pursuing classical and scientific courses 2,400; students taking business courses 1,000. There are 300,000 books in libraries owned by Negroes; 160 institutions of higher and industrial education; 1,000 books written by colored authors; 500 physicians; 5 banks; any number of newspapers; libraries, worth \$600,000. They have school property at \$42,000,000, church property at \$10,000,000; personal, \$65,000,000; homes \$25,000,000; total \$89,000,000, making \$89 per capita for every black, man, woman and child in America.

The Negroes have gained this much in forty years, and at the same time attributed \$15,000,000, outside of their taxes, toward their own education; this is a fact that challenges the attention of all thoughtful men. We give these statistics for the benefit of the Southern white man who can't see any improvement over the old corn-field Negro of twenty years ago.

"Hattiesburg Herald."

Col. Richard P. Hallowell, that redoubtable champion of Negro advancement, has issued two of his recent papers on this subject in pamphlet form.

In reviewing the work of the Negro

in reconstruction, particularly in South Carolina, Col. Hallowell puts forth this interesting estimate to the black man in statecraft:

The Negro can well afford to challenge a comparison of his record during that period, as a voter, a legislator, and an office-holder, with the record of the white man. It is true he shared the responsibility for fraud and corruption, and for his part in it the Negro must stand condemned. But the fraud and corruption and theft of which he was guilty were mere political finesse and petty larceny when compared with the colossal fraud and wholesale robbery that are now the rule rather than the exception in so many of our state and municipal governments.

Judged by the same tests, he was then and is now as well fitted for the suffrage as millions of other American voters, the mere suggestion of whose disfranchisement would be regarded with indignation and horror by the same men who parade the Negro's alleged low standard of political morality and lack of intelligence as conclusive evidence of his incapacity of self-government.

The South Carolina freedman's political record, questionable as some of it may be, was fully as good as any one had a right to expect, and was better than that of many white communities to-day. It certainly was as good as that of the white men of the state during the same period, and was better than that of the whites since then.

The Negro used his political power to restore South Carolina to the Union. He annulled bonds issued by the rebel state government to maintain the Rebellion. He abolished the whipping post and other barbarous forms of punishment which previous white state governments had established. He reduced capital felonies from about 20 to 2 or 3. He amended and improved the marriage laws with reference to Negroes passed

by the white legislature in 1865 and 1866. His amendments legalizing former slave marriages were wise and important contributions to the development and maintenance of social order.

He changed or modified laws controlling juries by opening the jury box to thousands of white men as well as to colored men who had been debarred from it by property qualifications. He amended laws under which town governments could borrow money at any rate of interest the council saw fit to pay. Some of the towns paid as high as 20 per cent. He prohibited them from borrowing at a greater rate of interest than 5 per cent. He limited the control of the state treasurer over the state funds by passing an act making specific levies and collections of taxes for specific appropriations.

By his acts of financial reform he transmitted to the Hampton government in 1877 an indebtedness which was only \$2,500,000 greater than the bonded debt of the state before the republican party took charge of the state government in 1868.

During the few years of his active political career he built schoolhouses, established charitable institutions, built and maintained the penitentiary system, provided for the education of the deaf and dumb, rebuilt the jails and court-houses, rebuilt the bridges and re-established the ferries. The whites had always regarded the public school system of the North with contempt. The freedman introduced and established it, and it stands to-day a living testimony to his faith that education is necessary to social welfare. As a legislator he never discriminated against either race or class. His legislation, good or bad, applied equally to every citizen of the state. Whatever political power he had he shared fairly with white men, and there is not a shred of evidence that he ever seriously attempted to establish Negro supremacy as is so frequently alleged.

Apropos of lynching, an interview was held with a prominent Southern Negro, Mr. Thomas of Lake Charles, La., by the representatives of the "Advocate." Mr. Thomas is a home-seeker, and stopped over on his way to St. Paul to get a glimpse at the Cream City. Mr. Thomas said in part:

"It is a disgrace how innocent colored people are being lynched in the South. A colored man (afterwards proved innocent) lynched and burned!! A white man horsewhipped his wife and got free!! Hundreds of negroes are lynched, and it is never reported! And never will be by that part of the press whose very existence consists in repressing part of the truth.—"Wis. Advocate."

No race of people ever got upon its feet without severe and constant struggle, and often in the face of the greatest discouragement. While passing through the present trying period of its history, there is danger that a large and valuable element of the Negro race may become discouraged in the effort to better its condition. Every possible influence should be exerted to prevent this. —"Exchange."

"The Negro's opportunity will come," says ex-President Cleveland; and it is hoped the Negro will be at home.

The lynching of Italian subjects at Erwin, Miss., was recently the subject of discussion in the Italian Chamber of Deputies at Rome. Signor Bacelli, Minister of Commerce, in discussing the subject, said:

"Every year some Europeans are lynched in the United States, while about one hundred and fifty American citizens meet the same fate. But the exercise of foreign influence with the view of securing a modification of existing legislation would not be tolerated for a moment. We can only hope that the American nation, which in so many respects is in the van of civilization, will

understand that lynching is a custom that is discreditable to civilization, and that it will mend its ways. In the meantime our diplomatic and consular authorities will do everything possible to prevent a recurrence of such crimes, without, however, taking steps to bring the guilty to justice or to obtain their conviction."

If this mild characterization of the crime of lynching, as practiced in America, could make the people of this coun-

to the criticisms made upon its civilization by other powers. It may, therefore, be hoped that in time the national conscience may be aroused to a sense of its deficiencies in the maintenance of law and order, as practiced by those nations of the Old World, that make pretensions to modern civilization.—New York Age.

"The Negro Principal of the colored public school in the town in which I live was denied registration. He was repeatedly told that the registrars were



RONDEBOSCH, A SUBURB OF CAPE TOWN.

try realize the discredit placed upon their vaunted civilization in the countries of the Old World, it might arouse such a degree of public sentiment as would put an end to mob lawlessness. But the national characteristics of vainglory and bumptiousness will have to be largely dispelled, before foreign criticism will have any effect in this regard. Still, with the development of the United States as a world power, its officials and citizens should become more responsive

not registering Negroes at that day. It was never his day. This man was fully qualified to register. Negroes of property and good standing were humiliated by the same treatment. Fellow-countrymen, there is a God of nations and of men, there is a standard of honor for governments and individuals, there is justice and there is injustice. Not in all the history of the conduct of Christian governments and acts of civilized men can there be found a parallel to the de-

pravity to which this Alabama autocracy, the progeny of the former slaveholding Democracy, has come.

"Down in the far South, in his own humble home, acquired by the sweat of his own honest toil and amid trials and difficulties known only to God and him, is the man, once a chattel slave. He sustained his oppressor's home and furnished his oppressor's supplies, enabling his master to keep the cannon's deadly fire turned upon the emancipator. When freedom was decreed the ex-slave turned away from the lands his labor had secured and from the home his hands had builded and enriched, facing the world in poverty and in want. He has reared his own vine and fig tree, erected his own temple of prayer and praise, and is contributing by his taxes to the support of the state. The Negro citizen, the disfranchised Negro property-holder in Alabama, is doing more. He is paying a tax to the support of a pension for the same Confederate that the Negro, when a slave, labored, in sunshine and rain, to keep upon the battlefield to shoot down the preservers of the Union and his own benefactors. Is there wonder that in order to divert the country from beholding this indescribable spectacle, that the press of the South should now be inspired to turn upon the Negro such floods of villification as the nation never before read? Is there surprise that the subterfuge of abusing and misrepresenting a Republican President should now be resorted to in an endeavor to create a sentiment in the North adverse to any legislative insight into these questionable state governments of the South?

"With too long sufferance has the conservative sentiment of the country endured and tolerated this vicious aggressiveness upon constitutional rights until silence has been construed as acquiescence. Emboldened by the passiveness of other parts of the country, certain

states have not only come to mock at the Federal constitution, but these minorities that have arrogated to themselves the right of government for majorities have grown insolent and impudent to any who wish to halt this march of usurpation and defiance. At no time in the history of this country, except during the administration of President Lincoln, has there emanated such systematic and unscrupulous assaults from the South as are now continually paraded by the press with a motive to traduce and malign the public character of a Republican President. Lurking behind the fusillade looms up a whited sepulchre of Bourbonism that may appear approachable without, but within there is a stench of political rottenness and of legislative infamy and of tyrannical usurpation repellant to every sense of governmental decency."—Extracts from the speech of

Joseph C. Manning of Alabama, before the Middlesex Club, Boston, Grant Night, April 27, 1903.

"I know of the bravery and character of the Negro soldier. He saved my life at Santiago, and I have had occasion to say so in many articles and speeches. The Rough Riders were in a bad position, when the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry came rushing up the hill, carrying everything before them. The Negro soldier has the faculty of coming to the front when he is needed most. In the Civil War he came up 4,000 strong, and I believe he saved the Union."

—President Roosevelt.

We are persuaded that the worst thing that could happen to the Negro would be the renewal of political agitation concerning his rights. It would stir up ill feeling and put back the progress of civilization many years. Yet, if the courts offer no protection to his rights as plainly guaranteed by the constitution, the almost inevitable result will be the

200,000



turning of the Negroes toward congress and the starting of movements by politicians for partisan ends to enforce the amendments by reduced Southern representation and other drastic laws. This would be unfortunate. Far better for the country would be a quiet enforcement of the constitution by judicial process, which would vindicate the American principle of equal laws, while leaving the intelligence of every state master of the political situation.

—"Haverhill Record."

Let not the blessings we receive daily from God make us not to value, or not to praise Him, because they be common.

—Izaak Walton.

Fine art is that in which the hand, the head, and the heart of man go together.—John Ruskin.

As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,

So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

—J. R. Lowell.

## A BIOGRAPHY.

Weight 10 pounds.  
Cootsey-Wootsey.  
Baby boy.  
Mamma's darling.  
Papa's little man.  
Jimmy.  
Jim.  
James.  
Jimmy the kid.  
Young Mr. Brown.  
James Brown.  
Mr. James Brown.  
Clerk of Election Brown.  
Committeeman Brown.  
Alderman Brown.  
The Hon. J. M. Brown.  
James Martin Brown.  
Brown.  
Jim Brown.  
Jimmie Brown.  
Steenth Ward Brown.  
Jimmie the Bum.  
Jim.  
Whiskey Jim.  
Old Soak.  
Cell 99.  
Coroner's office—"Unidentified."  
—"New York Tribune."

## THE EIGHTH ATLANTA NEGRO CONFERENCE.

The Negro conferences at Atlanta University grow in interest and importance each year, and this, the eighth of the series, has proven in many respects the most valuable yet held. The subject of study this year was the Negro Church and the moral and religious condition of the Negro. The principal speakers were the Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden, the eminent sociologist and president of the American Missionary Association; Professor Kelley Miller of Howard University, the Negro mathematician and writer, and Mrs. Mary Church Terrell, the first president of the National Federation of Colored Women's Clubs.

The conference opened this morning with an interesting study of the Negro Churches of the Black Belt. Rev. Mr. W. H. Holloway of Thomas county presented a statistical study of the churches of his county and their conditions. The churches in such counties are centres of Negro life; the buildings are usually large and poor and often used also for schoolhouses. The character of the ministers varies largely; many are ignorant and immoral; others are painstaking and upright men. The Rev. Dr. Gladden followed with an address on "The Relation of Young People to Church and State." He said in part:

"People who are thoroughly fitted for good citizenship and who show by their conduct that they have the disposition and the purpose to be good citizens, are not going to be permanently excluded in any part of this country from the responsibilities and duties of citizenship. That is as sure as to-morrow's sun-rising. It cannot be that in the United States of America, young men who are thoroughly intelligent, who know what

citizenship means, who love their country, who are working to build up its prosperity and to secure its peace, and who are ready to shed their blood in its defence, are going to be forbidden to take any part in its government.

"What I have said, therefore, applies to you, and I think even more closely than to the young people of my own state; to you in an exceptional and impressive way this truth ought to come home. The more strenuously men oppose your participation in political affairs the more zealous and diligent ought you to be in qualifying yourselves to take part in them. You are not wholly shut out from such duties; and whenever you have a chance to exercise them let every man see that they are performed with exceptional intelligence and exceptional conscientiousness; that the black man holds the suffrage as a high and sacred trust; that he cannot be bribed or led astray by the arts of the demagogue; that he puts aside his own personal interest when he votes; that he will not even use the suffrage as a means for extorting benefits for his own race at the expense of the rest of the community, but always keeps in view the general welfare; that he is always and everywhere a patriot in his political action; that when he holds an office he discharges its duties more faithfully and honestly than the white man does. I have heard of some instances of this nature since I came to Atlanta—of colored men in public station whose white neighbors testify concerning them that their conduct is blameless and their service of the highest order. Let such instances be multiplied. Hold up this standard everywhere! Rally round it

all your people, set it to be your constant endeavor, your highest ambition to infuse this spirit, this purpose into the thought and the life of all colored men. Before such a purpose as that the barriers of political exclusiveness are sure to go down.

"Do not understand me as justifying or excusing these exclusions. I think they are utterly wrong. But I am pointing out to you the kind of weapons with which you can easily batter them down."

The afternoon session was the annual Mothers' Meeting. The principal address was made by Mrs. Mary Church Terrell on the "Negro Woman and the Church." Mrs. Terrell said among other things:

"Upon the women of no race have the truths of the gospel taken a firmer and deeper hold than upon the colored women of the United States. So far as in her lay, none was more faithful in the discharge of duties to the Church than was the slave woman upon whom the sorrows and horrors of bondage fell with heaviest weight. No one who studies the history of the Negro Church can fail to see what an important part the women of the race have played in its development and growth. Considering the amount of work which they have accomplished, one can not help regretting that the record has been so poorly kept. But even from the meagre information which it is possible to obtain—from newspaper clippings, from pamphlets, from bits of chapters in books, from conversation with those who have worked longest and most effectively in the Negro Church—it is clear that woman's contribution to its development has been valuable and large.

"The oldest Colored Baptist Church in the country, the First African Baptist of Savannah, Ga., which now has a membership of five thousand or more, had its origin in a nucleus of three col-

ored women and one man, who organized it in a barn in 1778. The same commendable zeal which colored women have shown in establishing homes of worship has been displayed in supporting the church and in assisting in every kind of work in which the church has engaged."

The principal meeting took place at night, President Horace Bumstead presiding. After opening remarks by the chairman, the Rev. C. B. Wilmer made a short address. The principal speech was made by Professor Kelley Miller of Howard University on "Religion as a Solvent of the Race Problem." He spoke in part:

"Statesmanship, education and philanthropy have been proposed and partially exploited as agencies in the solution of this puzzling riddle of race, yet the problem seems to take on added difficulties. Religion is the only effective sanction over the conduct of an unawakened people, and affords the only solace that can enable them to contemplate their lot with fortitude and resignation. It soothed and sustained the slave under burdens as heavy as any the human race has ever been called upon to bear. All great ages are ages of faith. It is absolutely necessary for a new people to begin their career with the religious verities. Religious and moral qualities are independent of the eventualities of the race problem; whether the Negro is to be incorporated in the white race or be perpetuated as a separate identity, whether he is to be exiled to some distant continent, or perish from the face of the earth, religion is necessary either as a solvent or as a salve.

"Religious precepts would rob the white man of his prejudices and cause him to recognize the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Christianity is contrary to the spirit of caste—spiritual kinship transcends all other re-

lations. The race problem will be solved when Christianity gains control of the innate wickedness of the human heart, and men learn to apply in dealing with their fellows the simple principles of the Golden Rule and the Sermon on the Mount."

Many interesting figures were presented: the students of Atlanta found 54 Negro churches in Atlanta which raise over \$50,000 a year, and own \$200,000 worth of property. One hundred and fifteen typical churches from all parts of the country reporting to the Conference

had 19,640 active members, \$1,976,682 worth of property, and raised last year \$210,839.88 for expenses. The Negro Baptists report for 1902, 2,039,427 members, \$12,169,130 in property and \$3,425-523.11 raised for expenses.

Resolutions were adopted by the Conference calling for a renewal of spiritual ideas among Negroes and an expansion of church work in the lines of social reform. The arrangements for the Conference were made by the secretary, Mr. W. E. Burghardt DuBois.

### THE ALABAMA DECISION.\*

We desire again to call attention to the recent decision of the supreme court of the United States in denying to certain Negroes in Alabama the relief which they asked against the laws of that state, by which they are deprived of the right to vote.

We do this, now that the grounds upon which the decision proceeds are more clearly known, in order further to trace the historic parallel between this case and that of Dred Scott in 1857. That parallelism is in some respects indeed startling, although it seems now to appeal to apathetic ears and to awaken no response in the hearts and consciences of the people. In this it is unlike the decision of the former time and to the disadvantage of the present, as it also is in the timidity, not to say cowardice of the court itself. The slave-drivers of 1857 knew perfectly well what they wanted, and they proceeded to their object by direct approach. They knew, too, that they had in the majority of the supreme court a subservient tool, and they drove it to its work without indirection or subterfuge. The court of that day, too, was equally forceful. No

botch was made of the decree by which they not only sent Dred Scott and his wife and children into servitude, but put a race under the pitiless ban of being less than human beings and only ordinary merchandise. And pushing their work to its final consequence, they undertook to make this chattelizing of manhood national in its scope, a test of political orthodoxy and a rule of conduct binding on the national conscience.

The judgment in the present case, although it reaches the same result of leaving the Alabama black without any ascertained and guaranteed rights, comes to its conclusion in such shuffling and evasive terms that one is inclined to feel only contempt, when for a bolder robbery of human freedom he finds something to condone the crime of Taney and his compeers.

The case was this: Jackson W. Giles, a black man, resident in Alabama, brought a suit for himself and others, in the circuit court of the United States for that state, praying for an order to compel the election board of his county to enter their names on its voting lists—a right of which they were deprived by



the infamous disfranchising laws now in force throughout the South.

Failing to obtain the relief sought in the court of first instance, Giles brought his suit by appeal into the supreme court, where it was elaborately argued—the state officials making no pretense of awarding the right of suffrage to their black inhabitants, the legal discrimination being alone the purely accidental line of color.

Lest there should be any doubt of the real issue joined, Giles bottomed his case distinctly on the guarantees of the 15th amendment, that he should not be discriminated against politically on account of his race, and on Section 1979 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, which reads thus:

"Section 1979. Every person who, under color of any statute, ordinance, regulation, custom or usage of any state or territory, subjects or causes to be subjected any citizen of the United States or other person within the jurisdiction thereof to the deprivation of any rights, privileges or immunities secured by the constitution and laws, shall be liable to the party injured in an action at law, suit in equity or other proper proceeding for redress."

It will be observed that this statute is concerned with the political rights guaranteed to citizens without regard to color and has to do with the war amendments to the constitution—purporting to furnish a remedy against their invasion. It would seem that no court, however acute, could dodge this plain issue. Yet the supreme court does quibble over the question of whether a suit in equity—such as Giles brought—was a "proper proceeding." By naming such a suit in terms, the statute said so, but Justice Holmes in the majority opinion said that it never before had been so regarded.

However, this august tribunal at last flinched from throwing the blacks out

of court on so thin and flimsy a cavil as this, and proceeded to the next step in the subtle reasoning spun from the web of its judicial inner consciousness. And this ought to make the ghost of Rodger B. Taney turn green with envy for its superior cunning over his plan for reaching the same end of putting a race, on account of their race, outside the law's protection.

Giles in his bill had claimed that the whole scheme of the Alabama election laws was a stupendous fraud upon the constitution, asked the court to declare it so, and order the board to register him as a voter of that state. Strangely enough, the astute judges affected to think that he was trying to seduce them into becoming parties to the fraud against which he was asking relief. And they say:

"If, then, we accept the conclusion, which it is the chief purpose of the bill to maintain, how can we make the court a party to the unlawful scheme by accepting it and adding another vote to its fraudulent lists?"

This is either a confusion of ideas suggesting obtuseness in men who claim to be judicially inerrant, or it is mere pettifoggery which would not pass muster before a justice of the peace in poor-cuss township.

Because a litigant asks to have a remedy which shall cure the fraud of which he complains, and turn the fraudulent purpose into a rightful act, it is gravely argued by the court to which he brings his plaint that by advancing the remedy they may become tainted by the very infirmity they are called upon to heal.

The suggestion does not rise to the dignity of a quibble. And so the court does not kick Giles out either on the ground that a suit in equity is not a "proper proceeding"—in which case they would have no jurisdiction and would at least leave him without having to confess that they were impotent to

afford him redress—nor yet do they discuss his case, because to grant his contention would involve them in the fraud of which he complains.

On the contrary, they take jurisdiction, and seem to be willing to become parties to the fraudulent conspiracy of the state authorities of Alabama, which they profess to think is the consequence of their relieving against it, and then they go on and propose the third and controlling obstacle in the way of their preventing the disfranchisement of Giles and his race under the forms of law.

They conclude to refuse to give him a remedy, although the wrong against which he demands it is flagrant, notorious and confessed on all hands. And they so refuse, because they say they could not enforce it if given. The opinion expresses extreme reluctance on the part of the court to make a decree which it has not the power to execute. It would be, as the opinion says, "a mere declaration in the air." And so, confessedly impotent itself, the court remits Giles and the entire African race in America, for the vindication of their rights, either to a congress which is too busy making money for the trusts to listen to the cry of outraged humanity, or it turns them over to the mercies of the very state which under the forms of law is robbing them of their rights for redress against the selfsame robbery. Which is like sending a man to hell for grace.

And lest we do the majority of the court an injustice in this respect, we give the language of the justices. Aside from damages to the individual man, and as to the wrong done to his race and color, the opinion says that "relief from a great political wrong, if done as alleged by the people of the state and the state itself, must be given by them or by the legislature and political department of the government of the United States.

The far-reaching consequences of this

lame and impotent conclusion cannot be estimated. In substance and effect it gives the slave states a license to annul the 14th and 15th amendments to the constitution, and only the 13th—that which prohibits slavery within our borders, alone is left. And what guaranty has the black man of Alabama that his former master will not re-enslave him or his offspring, whenever he can make a profit by it? We cannot pursue this comment further, except to remark that the Negroes of the South, as a basis of representation in congress, furnish fifty-one members of the lower house. But the supreme court says that if a state so desires, it can leave the fifty-one members in full enjoyment of their seats, and at the same time deprive the men from whose numbers alone they derive their title to them of their political rights. And this because the court says it is impotent to afford redress.

When capital has called upon the Federal courts to protect its interests, they have never skulked behind their alleged want of power to execute their process. On the contrary, as Eugene Debs and many a striker well knows, they have been greedy and eager to enlarge their jurisdiction and to fulminate decrees which, if the subjects of them had been anything but law-abiding citizens, it would have taken grape-shot to enforce.

And the supreme court itself has not always been the self-denying and timid body which it professes itself to be, now that the rights of man are being weighed in its supposedly evenly-balanced scales.

On March 4, 1857—a few days before the Dred Scott decision was announced, Caleb Cushing, the attorney-general of the United States, thus addressed the court:

"Yours is not the gauntleted hand of the soldier, nor yours the voice which commands armies, rules cabinets, or leads senates; but though you are none of these, you are backed by all of them.

Theirs is the external power which sustains your moral authority; you are the incarnate mind of the political body of the nation. In the complex institutions of our country you are the pivot point upon which the rights of all, government and people alike, turn; or, rather, you are the central light of constitutional wisdom around which they perpetually revolve. Long may this court retain the confidence of our country as the conservators, not of the private peace only, but of the sanctity and integrity of the constitution."

This was putting it on rather thickly, but the court did not dissent, and within

a week it did not mince words in giving its decision, the purpose of which is to nationalize chattel slavery in the United States, just as the effect of the one in the Alabama case is to say that the Alabama black man—because he is a black man and for no other reason, has no political rights which an Alabama white man is bound to respect; or, at least, if he has, the supreme court is afraid to make him respect them.

Decidedly that court has not progressed in humanity, and certainly not in courage within the last forty-five years.

## FOR THE SAKE OF ELIJAH.

EDWARD ELMORE BROCK.

### I.

From my earliest recollection of him, Elijah Washington—or "Lishy," as we used to call him, had never been known by anyone of the neighborhood to do a full day's work. Indeed, every one in Mumpsville, a small village on the east banks of the Mississippi, had long since voted Lishy a big chunk of laziness—no account to himself or the community, whose absence would have been more preferable than his presence. But still, no matter how the talk ran, Lishy went on the peculiar tenor of his way, indifferent as to anything that was thought or said of him. So when Minerva Ann Jones, all surprising to the neighbors, hitched up to Lishy by the good grace of Parson Dumpson, pastor of the village church, the whole community became a sort of syndicated opinion in its unsavory comments upon the match, to wit: That while Minerva had always had a hard time in single life to make both ends meet, her very soul-case

would now be worn out if she intended to uphold Lishy and his bump of laziness.

Now, while Minerva, who had known Lishy ever since she had any recollection of herself, could not be blind to any of his shortcomings, still she would only shrug her shoulders, and say:

"Humph! ez ef dey 'spected Minerva Ann 'tended tu let de crowfoot cum undah hu' eyes, de gra' hai's in 'er hed, an' de rumatiz to brak' hu' all up, w'en she'd er ben no 'count tu husef or any pusson 'lse a'fo' she thought ob tyin' up tu er man. No, indeedy, I'se seed tu much ob dis 'lowin' de gras' gro' undah yo' fut jes' a-waitin' fur sum special pusson tu cum 'long tu ax yu tu mah'y 'em. Dar's lots ob gals tu what's er talkin', dat 'ud er jes' jump'd at de chance ef Lishy he'd er jes' sed de wurd. Now, ha'f lo'f beats no lo'f 'tall; en ef Lishy'll on'y du jes' part ways right, I'se sat'sfy'd."

Mumpsville, like many other small Southern towns, is mostly made up of a Negro populace, with the exception of a few cotton and tobacco planters, whose mills furnish employment to the Negroes who have settled there, and who are also largely employed on the railroad and along the levee. It is, too, not unlike most villages of the conventional type, whose streets and roads run helter and skelter in a sort of zig-zag fashion, and whose few houses (mostly shanties) did not in the least boast pretentiousness. It possessed two or three general stores, which furnished the residents with everything from a paper of pins to a suit of clothes, and a pound of meat to a barrel of flour. And, as is characteristic of village stores, here in summer, lounging about the piazzas, or in winter, around a red-hot stove was always to be found a certain coterie of the male population, whose sole aim in life it seemed, was to add as little to the world's progress as possible, other than discussing how the government and the universe in general ought to be run, and at other times each striving to outdo the other in telling the biggest yarn on record.

But while Elijah did spend some of his time about the general stores, yet the most of it was spent at Jewel's, the one dramshop of the village—a small shanty sitting all alone just back of the railroad tracks and within a stone's throw of the docks; for the most of old Jewel's trade was derived from the men who worked along the levee and on the railroad. Here it was that Elijah could usually be found at most any time ensconced on a whiskey barrel, from which he was given a drink now and then in payment for any odd job that he might be called upon to do, such as chopping wood, weeding the garden, etc.; for old Jewel, as is characteristic of his race, never believed in paying in cash for anything that he could barter in trade. But when business was slack at Jewel's, Elijah could either be

found sunning himself, outstretched upon one of the many bales of cotton that lined the levee, or else fishing from the docks. And it was no unusual sight to see him coming up the road with a big string of fish dangling down by his side, which he would usually clean out in the yard at the pump ere he entered the house where he was sure to receive more scoldings from Minerva for his shiftless ways; for, although she never coincided with the neighbors as to Elijah's shortcomings, still within their own doors there was often many a discordant note.

A year later, when little Lishy was born, everyone in Mumpsville was filled with the hope that Elijah, Sr., would reform his habits and live a more useful life; and for a time, as he began to spend more time at home and less at Jewel's and the other stores, even Minerva's spirits rose within her, and she, too, became more hopeful of the future; for while Elijah did not make any extra effort toward getting steady employment, still the wood-house was never empty, the barnyard stock was regularly fed and housed. This was a big lift from Minerva's shoulders, since she could spare more time now for her household duties and the little work that was given her by the more well-to-do folk of the neighborhood. Then, too, it pleased her to think that Elijah seemed to think so much of the baby, which he would often "coddle" on his knee for hours at a time.

It was on the occasion of little Lishy's seventh birthday that the elder Elijah took it into his head to move to the city. At first Minerva was strenuously opposed to leaving Mumpsville for the uncertainties of life in a large city, but Elijah easily overcame these objections and fears by saying that, as he was anxious to have Lishy get a better education than had fallen to his own lot, the public schools of the city offered the best opportunities.

Now, Elijah himself was not entirely



unlettered. His own parents had worked hard in order that he should have the privilege of what little the village offered along the line of schooling, which never consisted of more than three or four months' session during the winter. In this way he had learned the three "R's" fairly well; could expound a little descriptive geography, history, etc. Everyone in Mumpsville said that Elijah had just enough education to spoil him—that if he had had less education he would probably have made something of himself instead of being a shiftless ne'er-do-well.

On the day of their departure, when the neighbors came in to say their tearful good-byes to Minerva, her last words were:

"Hit's not so much fur 'im dat I'se a-doin' hit, but jes' fur de sake of leetle Lishy."

## II.

In their new home in the city, situated in the most congested part of the Negro settlement, here Elijah, Minerva and their small offspring began a new life; their domicile consisting of the basement of a three-story house, which had years before been occupied as a private dwelling, but which, like the many others of the neighborhood that had been in its day one of the aristocratic sections of the city, had now given way to the march of time.

A tall pole, planted deep in the earth in the front yard, from which swung a small sign, proclaimed that Mrs. Minerva Washington did transient and family washing by the dozen or weekly and also went out to do day's work. This emblem had already brought her much work, and although the strain was beginning to show itself more and more every day upon her fragile frame, which was more than once commented upon by the neighbors, yet she strove on without a dissenting murmur other than it was all for poor little Lishy's sake.

But while Minerva was toiling away at her washing and ironing every day, Elijah, her husband, was building up for himself a reputation second to none as a full-fledged gambler and sport in the fast circle in which he floated. While it is true that he was not averse to carrying the clothes-basket to and fro for Minerva, yet many a time she waited in vain for the few pennies that were to come from the same, unless, perchance Elijah would have got a good night at the gaming table, to which base use he often put her small earnings.

It was easily known when Elijah had a winning streak, for the next day, not only would all his wardrobe and jewelry that had been sojourning at the pawnbroker's shop come forth, but there would be another heavy addition thereto by way of loud-striped trousers, ties of variegated colors, fancy patterns of waistcoats, etc., that were not long in gaining him the soubriquet of the black "Beau Brummell—King of the Dudes." Even little Lishy in school would often proudly remark to his fellow mates that his father's wardrobe consisted of twenty suits of clothes, a dozen extra pairs of trousers, fifteen pairs of shoes, eight hats, a dozen fancy waistcoats and about seventy-five cravats and ties.

Yet, if with all his many faults, Elijah could be said to possess even one redeeming trait, it was possibly the fact that he would never gamble on the Sabbath; this day he would either spend at home with Minerva and the baby—as he still continued to call Lishy—although he had grown to be a boy of twelve years, or else together with them at service in the fashionable Colored Baptist Church, to which as a Christian, Minerva had long since become closely attached as a member. And she, standing there by his side in the pew, his six feet towering far up over her fragile form, with little Lishy on the other side of her, would often offer up a fervent prayer that he

might reform his habits, if for no other reason than for little Lishy's sake.

I have said that Elijah possessed one redeeming trait; I might have given him the benefit of one other, and that is, no matter how severe their quarrels, never had he in all their marriage state, been known to raise a hand against either Minerva or Lishy. As a gambler he was not averse to playing any game of chance wherein he believed the turn of fortune's wheel might "flip" him a dollar. He played everything from craps to race-horses and cards to lottery, which soon won for him from his associates such nick-names as "The King of Cards," "Lottery Lige," "Tout," and "Old Craps."

All readers of the daily newspapers, and especially those most familiar with the sporting pages, will readily recall to memory a great coup made some years ago by a contingent of Negro sports at the opening of a Metropolitan race track when the betting ring was cleared up for one hundred thousand dollars by less than half a dozen men. Although Elijah resided in the West, still through some unknown means he had been let into the secret and had placed upon the winning horse every dollar that he possessed, could borrow or get on his wardrobe and jewelry at the pawnbrokers. It would have been a most disastrous day for Elijah if the tip had failed, but luck was with him and as an outcome the bookmakers in his neighborhood were hit for ten thousand dollars; for the horse was trained, owned and ridden by a Negro jockey and was at very long odds in the betting.

'Twas passing strange, though; indeed 'twas a most peculiar coincidence that Elijah should die on the very next day after his good fortune; but so fate decreed and this is how it happened:

There was a heavy play of faro going on that night at the club which he most frequented, and as the news had already

spread as to Elijah's enormous winnings the previous day, everyone awaited his coming with breathless expectancy.

When he strode in and flopped himself down in his usual seat—for the general run of gamblers are superstitious to a degree—and if Elijah found his favorite chair occupied he would take no other, but rather stood until it became vacated. He also had two other peculiarities; he would without any ceremony whatever, immediately quit a game if anyone around the table placed a foot upon the rung of his chair, or should a cross-eyed man enter the game. At any rate the play waxed warmer and warmer as it progressed. There were about the table sports of all descriptions—bankers, merchants, clerks, etc.,—men in every walk of life, for 'tis said, "in gambling, all men are equal."

Suddenly the dealer and Elijah became involved in a heated argument over the placing of a bet, when Elijah, at other times of a most quiet disposition, reached over and struck the dealer a stinging blow full in the face. Quick as a flash, the latter drew his revolver, leveled it at Elijah's heart and fired, felling him face forward, across the table, dead. The dealer was arrested, eventually bailed out, jumped his bond and was never heard of from that day to this.

After Elijah was buried, everyone wondered what Minerva would do now since she had fallen heir to ten thousand dollars; and, too, it is needless to state that they did not fail to give her the benefit of their generous advice; but to them all Minerva would only shake her head and say:

"Hit's not mine, nun uv hit. Hit's all fur leetle 'Lishy. Hi haint nebber hed de 'tunity fur edikashun mas'ef, but i'se dun 'cided dat leetle 'Lishy shell hev de bes' dar is. I'se gwinter sen' 'im to college tu mek sumthin' uv his'e'f."

But Minerva never lived to see the fruition of her homely sentiments, for

she just kept on working harder and harder, and just kept getting weaker and weaker every day, until, alas, one day, she, too, passed away, saying with all the strength of her very last breath:

"Hit's on'y fur leetle 'Lishy's sak' dat I hates so mightily tu go."

### III.

But long before the death of his mother, a great desire had eaten its way into the heart of young Elijah—a desire to be other than what had been his foreparent. Like father, like son, was indeed an appellation that could in no wise be likened unto Elijah. He was as widely different as is a river to a sea; at all times studious and ambitious.

From the lowest grade in the public school he had passed on up to the highest, and on graduating therefrom had entered the city college. Here when, as was often the case, he was brought into a discussion of the race question, he would say to his eager listeners: "While I recognize that wealth is undoubtedly the key to a solution of the Negro problem, if such there be, yet the main link is education. My race can never hope to be respected as long as they are willing to remain in the darkness of ignorance and idolatry; they must get from out this slough and lift themselves up into a haven of moral and intellectual worth. Education will be the cure for all immoral and criminal tendencies lurking within them, and the many other faults for which the race is arraigned and for whose suppression lynching bees are formed throughout the land; they will be wiped clean from the slate as one black mark against the Negro." It was such commonsense talks that won him the undivided friendship of all his classmates and elected him to be the valedictorian of the college, thus reaping his first laurels as an orator; for they all looked upon him as a Negro of the highest character, broadest culture,

rarest oratorical power, and, too, with the intellectual grasp of a statesman. A man to be admired the world over.

In fact, the progress made by young Elijah had not been overlooked by many of the white people for whom Minerva had worked, and one old gentleman, especially, of wide reputation as a philanthropist and of the old school of abolitionists, took more than a passing interest in his future, and it was mostly through his counsel and by his help that the young hero became, a year later, a student in one of the famous New England universities. On entering this university young Elijah was put through the usual formalities of college life in being initiated into all its secret degree—as other plebes had been; but he took it all in such a philosophical, matter-of-fact way, that it at once won for him the good-will and respect of both the students and faculty. This was well, since, in after years, he was to seek their counsel and assistance in carrying forward the great work that was maturing within him.

### IV.

"The laws of changeless justice bind  
Oppressor with oppressed,  
And close as sin and suffering joined  
We march to fate abreast."—Anon.

At the opening of hostilities between the United States and Spain, in the war of 1898, Elijah was the foremost of all his college mates to volunteer his services in the cause of his country as a follower of the flag. After being mustered in, he was forthwith ordered to join his regiment, then located at Tampa. Reaching there, he and his regiment almost immediately embarked for Cuba.

The memorable part he took in the heroic charge, the dare-devil bravery shown in the face of heavy firing at Las Quasimas, and as his division forded the San Juan River and moved up to the

crest of the San Juan Hill, where it captured the formidable intrenchments of the Spaniards under a murderous fire of shot and shell, together with the coolness of his bearing, the sagacity of his judgment and the accuracy of his aim, is now, like the rest of the parts he has played upon the world's stage of action, only too well known for me to go into all the minute details, save to say, that from an ordinary private he rose to the rank of sergeant. And in all the thrilling episodes which have since been written, no one receives greater praise for heroic work done than Sergeant Elijah Washington of the United States Volunteers.

Once more back to college, young Elijah took up his studies with renewed energy, and a few days later a great banquet was given him by the university in honor of the fame he had won in war, at which not only were all the students present, but the faculty as well. It was indeed a demonstration that would have been worthy the presence of the Chief Executive of the Nation. And, too, it was memorable in more ways than one; for instance, after a number of toasts had been drunk, one student—the son of a Confederate general who had until now refused to associate with the young Negro—surprised all his fellow-mates by rising from his seat at the table to drink to the toast, "The Brotherhood of Man," and said in part:

"By this unity of the brotherhood of all mankind, I now concede that to which I have hitherto been blindly prejudiced; that in the language of the immortal Robert Burns, though skins may differ, still—

'A man's a man for a' that.'

"In this fraternal fellowship, too, I have been awakened to a realization of the truth that it is affection and not the color of the skin or the texture of the hair that is the true test of the brother-

hood and the unity of all the human race. And in conclusion, gentlemen, let me say that, at the moment I can think of no words that would better convey to you my complete conversion than these poetic lines of Lowell:

'Mankind are one in spirit,  
And an instinct bears along  
Round the earth's electric circle  
The swift flash of right or wrong.  
Whether conscious or unconscious,  
Yet Humanity's vast frame  
Through its ocean-sundered fibres  
Feels the gush of joy or shame;  
In the gain or loss of one race  
All the rest have equal claim.'

But when, on finishing the toast, and before taking his seat again, he went over to the place occupied by young Elijah and, grasping his two hands in his, thence pressing a kiss upon his brow, the banquet-hall re-echoed under one tumultuous applause. To-day Elijah in his work has no greater friend than this son of a Confederate general; and whenever he has occasion to speak of the affair, he always exultantly says that "it was one of the happiest moments in all the episodes of his life."

## V.

"There is no place better for us than the place we are called to fill, no work worthier than the work we are called to do."—Edmund Garrett.

At the threshold of manhood, when young Elijah stepped from — University, it marked a new epoch in the history of the Negro race. He graduated (class of 1900) with more than ordinary honors, carrying along with the sheepskin of his alma mater other credentials in the form of the much-coveted Greek prize, a prize in both oratory and English composition, and an extra honor conferred upon him of the degree of Master of Arts.

Thus clothed with that higher culture, broad intelligence and gentlemanly



bearing that would not alone gain him the respect of all people with whom he would come in touch, but which, through his own ambition and perseverance had made of him the intellectual equal of them all, young Elijah went forth into the world to prove his worth.

The ten thousand dollars to which he had fallen heir by the death of his parents, had not only not diminished any during his college years, but inasmuch as he had never had cause to touch the principal, since by strictest economy and what work he did during the summer months at the pleasure resorts it had grown a few thousand larger. With this as a nucleus he returned to Mumpsville, the home of his parents and his own birthplace, to build the foundation of his future life-work; and in the magnificent monument to the Negro race known as the Mumpsville Normal and Industrial Institute, it is hard to say to whom the most credit is due, whether to the patient, ambitious young Negro founder, or the generous Anglo-Saxons, who, when they were appealed to for aid flocked unreservedly to its support.

Be that as it may, I am sure that no one who was present on the day of its dedication will ever forget the memorable event, while the "Mumpsville World," the leading newspaper of the town, in commenting upon the affair the next morning, said as follows:

"There, sitting in the front row on the platform, was a tall, tawny Negro. All the eyes of the thousands looked straight at the Negro orator. A black man was about to speak for his people with none to interrupt him. As he strode forward to the edge of the stage, the low, descending sun shot fiery rays through the windows into his face. A great shout greeted him. He turned his head to avoid the blinding light, and moved about the platform for relief. Then he

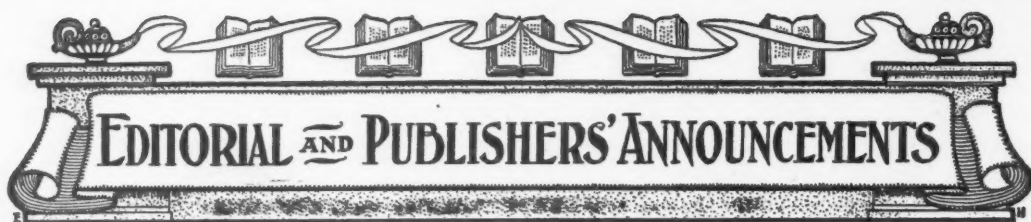
turned his powerful countenance to the sun without a blink of the eyelids, and began to talk.

"His was a most remarkable figure, tall, bony, straight as a Sioux chief, high forehead, straight nose, heavy jaws and strong, determined mouth, with big white teeth, piercing eyes and a commanding manner. The sinews stood out on his bronzed neck, and his muscular right arm swung high in the air. His voice rang out clear and true and impressively as he made each point. Within ten minutes the multitude was in an uproar of enthusiasm, handkerchiefs were waved, canes were flourished, hats were tossed in the air. Even women stood up and cheered. It was as if the orator had bewitched them.

"And when he held his dusky hand high above his head, with fingers stretched wide apart, and said to the white people on behalf of his race: 'In all things that are purely social we can be as separate as the fingers, yet one as the hand in all things essential to social progress,' the great wave of sound dashed itself against the wall, and the whole audience was on its feet in a delirium of applause, like the voice from the throat of a whirlwind."

Young Elijah, in that oration, had not only captivated his audience, but the world had been electrified as well. Some likened him unto a black Abraham Lincoln, while others said of him that he had gifts even greater than Frederick Douglass.

Even now as I write, methinks I can see him, so calm, so confident and unterrified, with fear nowhere in view, uttering those words that have gone thundering down the ages. . . . And she who had done it all for the sake of Elijah, looks down from heaven and blesses the leader of his people—the young Negro Moses.



# EDITORIAL AND PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS

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"Let me here say, that I hold judges, and especially the Supreme Court of the country, in much respect; but I am too familiar with the history of judicial proceedings to regard them with any superstitious reverence. Judges are but men, and, in all ages, have shown a full share of human frailty. Alas! alas! the worst crimes of history have been perpetrated under their sanction. The blood of martyrs and of patriots, crying from the ground, summons them to judgment. It was a judicial tribunal which condemned Socrates to drink the fatal hemlock, and which pushed the Saviour barefoot over the pavements of Jerusalem, bending beneath His cross. It was a judicial tribunal, which, against the testimony and entreaties of her father, surrendered the fair Virginia as a slave; which arrested the teachings of the great apostle to the Gentiles, and sent him in bonds from Judea to Rome; which, in the name of the old religion, adjudged the saints and fathers of the Christian Church to death in all its most dreadful forms; and which afterwards, in the name of the new religion, enforced the tortures of the Inquisition amidst the shrieks and agonies of its victims, while it compelled Galileo to declare, in solemn denial of the great truth he had disclosed, that the earth did not move round the sun. Aye, sir, it was a judicial tribunal in England, surrounded by all the forms of law, which sanctioned every despotic caprice of Henry the

Eighth; which lighted the fires of persecution that glowed at Oxford and Smithfield over the cinders of Latimer, Ridley, and John Rogers; which, in defiance of justice and humanity, sent Sidney and Russell to the block; which persistently enforced the laws of conformity that our Puritan Fathers persistently refused to obey; and which afterwards, with Jeffries on the bench, crimsoned the pages of English history with massacre and murder,—even with the blood of innocent women. Aye, sir, and it was a judicial tribunal in our country, surrounded by all the forms of law, which hung witches at Salem; which affirmed the constitutionality of the Stamp Act, while it admonished "jurors and the people" to obey; and which now, in our day, has lent its sanction to the unutterable atrocity of the Fugitive-Slave Bill."—Charles Sumner.

We may add to Mr. Sumner's scathing arraignment of judicial tribunals, the Supreme Court's adverse decision in the Giles versus the State of Alabama case.

What will the Republican party do to offset the fatal injury which is being done to its most humble, most valuable, and most loyal class of citizens by this verdict? Will the American world as represented by this Government wag along in the same old way, or is it not in order to press the Crumpacker resolutions?

Every problem whose decision is of

vital importance to a government admits of but one or two answers—either it is or it is not expedient, we are told. Is it not good, practical politics to secure to the Negro his manhood before the law? It seems so to us. It is practical politics to decide the question of disfranchisement versus lower representation immediately, and give to the entire country that peace for which we all long.

The question is, whether we have not arrived at a stage when our politics must become more theoretical—when we must trust politics less to the men who say they can run it, less to great combinations of capital, and more to the men of small means, who are not at all sure that they can; when we must pay more attention to the thoughtful minorities and to the possible combinations in politics, and less to the ipse dixit of this or that political machine which hires brass bands in October, and enriches itself from year to year with all the official pap which it can command.

At present the American world has gone wild on money. Money! money! and money will prove the Anglo-Saxon's bane.

We are constantly in receipt of complaints from former patrons asking what has become of the magazine. The change in management is a great one, and the work of satisfying all our friends, and trying to explain away the difficult tangle in which we find the business of the Colored Co-operative Company, is prodigious.

We are making special efforts to keep our force of agents intact, and we are proud to say that in all cases we have succeeded splendidly. Every agent, subscriber and shareholder, after fully understanding the situation, has rallied to our support and given us the warmest encouragement. And right here we wish all our friends and correspondents to accept our hearty thanks for the kind encouragement they have given us. We also ask our readers to kindly overlook delays and errors while the new man-

agement is getting down to business. A little generous consideration will help us amazingly.

Our new office is a pleasant one, situated in the heart of the city, one minute to the elevated road and electrics. Call and see us when in the city. You will be warmly welcomed.

Our August number will contain three splendid short stories by well-known race writers, beside the regular serial, poems, etc.

We shall also begin in the August number a series of articles on Alaska, by Mr. Clifford H. Hancock, of Seattle, Washington Territory. Mr. Hancock has given us the full benefit of his rich experience in the frozen regions. With each article there will be copious illustrations taken expressly for "The Colored American Magazine." We advise our readers not to lose this opportunity to enjoy a rare intellectual treat.

We began in the May-June number a series of short sketches on the "Life and Work of Negroes Distinguished in Earlier Centuries in Science, Literature and the Arts." These sketches are educational in character. We hope our patrons will read them carefully.

Look out for our great premium offers and club rates in the fall issues; there will be special inducements to clubs at that time.

We hope to produce an improved magazine shortly, and crave the continued support of our friends towards this effort of race progress and advancement.

We call attention to the portrait of Toussaint L'Ouverture, the frontispiece of this issue. This is taken from a rare oil painting owned by Mr William A. Hopkins of Cambridge, Mass. This painting was brought from the island about 1806. There is one other like it in the British Museum, London, England.



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